

SILVER MAGAZINE

"NEITHER HUMOROUS NOR APPROPRIATE"

ISSUE #135 / ALWAYS FREE



DWARVES

LUNA

SHIELA NICHOLLS

THE JEZUS LIZARD

NO USE FOR A NAME

VELVET ACID CHRIST

FIVE QUESTIONS WITH LEIF

CLAN OF XYMOX * DEAR DICKHEADS... BLAH BLAH BLAH

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SLUG

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Ed: It's hard to beleive, but this letter is real!

Subject: We're funky. You are punky.
From: dirty dee, cholafunk@hotmail.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

dickheads (like alanis morisette, How
Ironie?):

Funky. Funky. Funky. Funky. Funky. Chola
is Funky. Slug is Punky. Punky. Punky. You're
(I know the difference between "your" and
"you're" but mistakes are made. Look what
you're (sp) parents produced) a bunch of
punks at slug. I (sp) bet you sat and
masterbated (sp) over your last issue. "We
really showed Chola (whack whack). Printed
all six (ha ha) of their fans letters (wack wack)
in our newspaper." Do you realize how
juvenile (sp) you appeared to all three or four
of your readers?

Chola has more than 6 fans. And if the
clubs we played at allowed minors we would
be the funkiest band ever. Not only do the
frats at the U love us. And the good bars, Like
Liquid Joes, but we could be a teenage funk
band, too. Why? Because sex and funk sells.
That is Funky!! FuNky. FunKY! Funk. You
don't realize how lucky Salt Lake City is to
have us playing in this town. We're funky.
And we will put Salt Lake City on the map of
funk. Funky. Chola is funky. Chola is funk.
You punks. If you don't think we're funky.
Your (sp) wrong. I see at slug (bunch of lame
punks) you use your "real" names.

Chola is so funky we've changed our
names. Because when you're as funky as
Chola. Your christian name is no longer funky.
See. That's funk. But I bet you don't get it.
Why. Because you're a bunch of punks.

—Dirty D of CHOLA

If I had a middle name, it would be "funk"

*Ed: Obviously you don't know the difference
between your and you're. That's too bad. You
are an unfortunate product of the public
school system. I am done picking on you. It's
no fun picking on stupid people. Now I feel
bad, like I took advantage of someone.*

From: HelenGahn@aol.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Dear Editors,

I recently picked up an issue of your
magazine and was amused at Chola's
response to the article in your January issue.
The true test of a band's integrity is the way
that they handle criticism. One can either
learn from one's mistakes and grow in talent
and popularity, or one can bitch and whine
and threaten the critics, and lose their six fans.
Ooooooh, scary bunch, wouldn't want to run
into them in a dark parking lot outside Liquid
Joe's.

Five bucks on Bill Frost. Wait, make it ten.

—Laughing My Ass Off

From: Kenyon Christian,

shmenyon@email.msn.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Yo, after reading several issues of SLUG
recently, I have come to the conclusion that
many people in this city have nothing better
to discuss in "Dear Dickheads" than how
lame either Chola or the Disco Drippers are. I
am a member of the Disco Drippers and read
both SLUG and The City Weekly on a regular
basis. The recent outbursts in SLUG regarding
Chola has been entertaining to read but it's
such old fucking news I can't stand it. Almost
every time I pick up a City Weekly or SLUG(in
the past few months) someone is bitching,
moaning, and carrying on about us and/or
Chola. Is there seriously nothing better to talk
about? I've been in the band for about five(5)
years now and have heard people whining

about this the whole fucking time. I'm not
putting SLUG down. I read it every month. It
has the best record/CD reviews and previews
of any "mag" in this state. I'll even go as far
as to say that Chola's reaction(even though
those guys are friends) towards SLUG,
because of civilian comments in it's pages,
was misdirected and wrong. I do, however,
want to encourage all who write in to Dear
Dickheads to move on from the back/forth
discussion of our negative impact on the
wonderful scene(whatever the fuck that is) in
this city. If you don't fucking like us, then
don't come to our fucking show, there will be
plenty of other folks who will attend. Every
time you mention our name, you're just
giving us even more free promotion than we
already have, thanks dumb fucks! Next, I
will just come out and admit that I am a
whore, big fucking deal. Was this (Brian?)
supposed to be some kind of scoop? No shit
I'm a whore, I won't speak for the other
members of the band but I am a WHORE!!! I
love it, I dance with it every fucking night
before I go to bed, and every time I make a big
deposit into my huge fucking checking
account, so Fuck You! Maybe some day when
you have some overhead that goes beyond
your next tattoo and a Rage Against The
Machine cd y'all will understand. Many
members of our band are over thirty, with
homes, spouses, children etc. That shit costs
money fuckers and there are a lot of things I
would rather do less than play in the Disco
Drippers. Also, I've heard some blaming us
for other bands not being able to get good
gigs(I'd make a direct reference but I don't
care enough to even look through the pile of
recycle paper to find it), fuck that, you can't
get good gigs because your bands fucking
suck, there is no draw. Yes, all those evil club
owners who are in business to make
money(gasp!) don't want to book bands that
don't draw, imagine that. What other reason
would/should you be in business? Stop
blaming us for your lack of talent, we can't
help it if people want to come and see our
show and we're not going to stop until there
are absolutely no fucking people left who
want to see it, no matter what you little
fuckers think. So, get over it, get over us, get
over yourself. If your so fucking above what's
going on in this town then fucking please
leave. I'll see you in six(6) months when you
come running back from Seattle with your tail
between your legs, boo-hooing in your beer
down at Michael's place. I will never, ever,
ever feel bad about being in the Disco
Drippers and I will never, ever, ever be
ashamed of putting food on my table. Before
you decide to start bad mouthing us just think
of the stupid, dead-end shit you do every day
for way less money and then decide who the
fucking idiot(s) is/are. I hope this may shed
some light on my feelings about this and I
hope everybody can come up with some new
shit to discuss, surely if the reason so many
people hate us is because they can't believe
people like us when there is so much better
shit going on then please, write in about all of
that better stuff and leave us the fuck alone.

Fuck Yourselves,

Kenyon Christian

guitarist/singer Disco Drippers

From: Shelby Shelfhymen,
flipflopdealamealer@hotmail.com

To: dickheads@slugmag.com

Dear Dickheads,

After reading last months' positive-vibe-
feedback on Chola, I felt compelled to share
with you my experience on the matter. This
story is very painful for me to share, but I find
it necessary to let Chola know that they suck

so bad it hurts me. I was pressured into going
to my first/last Chola show last summer after
dinner with some friends. These "friends"
were from out of town and I'm still
rationalizing that they just didn't know what
we were getting ourselves into. It was one of
the worst nights of my life and I hold Chola
personally responsible. It was one continuous
puke-groove funk jam that sounded exactly
like one big bad song that lasted for 3 hours.
There was nothing original or creative about
that one big stupid funk crap song and this
experience challenged my relationship with
reality because of the surrounding fans
dancing like it was good or something. They
were having a great time. Good for them. I
had to talk myself down a bit and I had a few
more beers thinking it would eventually end.
I know I wasn't alone because a friend (she
wishes to remain anonymous for fear of
retaliation of any Chola criticism) and I sat
holding each other's hands until it was all
over. I made it home that night and asked my
lover to please hold me until that horrible
image of those stupid asses thrusting their
craniums forward like chickens would leave
my mind. Dear God that image still hasn't to
this very day. Chola, I hate you. Believe it or
not someone out there in Salt Lake honestly
believes that you suck. And I'm not alone.

—Flip-flop Dealer-mealer

*Ed: Sometimes we just say OK, no more this,
or no more that and we put a stop to certain
subjects because they are boring and stupid.
This is NOT one of those times. The only
thing funnier than the fake Chola support
letters and the horrible letters from Chola
themselves are the letters from people who
really hate them. This is funny. Keep it
coming...*

Dear Dickheads,

I was reading a band interview in that
other local paper and was almost pleased to
see that this band had mentioned our bar
(Burt's Tiki). "Almost" pleased because it was
"almost" a compliment. The said they love to
play Burt's but "wish the gig paid a little
more." Well, I speak for all of us here at Burt's
when I say we wish we could pay a little
more. The thing is, Burt's doesn't charge a
COVER CHARGE - EVER!!! It's the only
place in Salt Lake where you can go and see
bands any night of the week without shelling
out 5 or 10 bucks at the door. That's a GOOD
THING. The downside to it of course is that
other clubs pay their bands with the cover
charge. Also, if you've ever bought a round of
drinks at the Zephyr, you know those guys
can afford to pay their bands top dollar. I
harbor no negative feelings toward the band
in question, in fact, I want to thank them and
all of the other great bands that do play at
Burt's. All of us here greatly appreciate you. I
just don't think this should have been
addressed in a public forum.

Best of luck - Scotty the bartender

*P.S. Come on down and check out Deadbolt this
month... as always there's no cover.*

Dear Dickheads

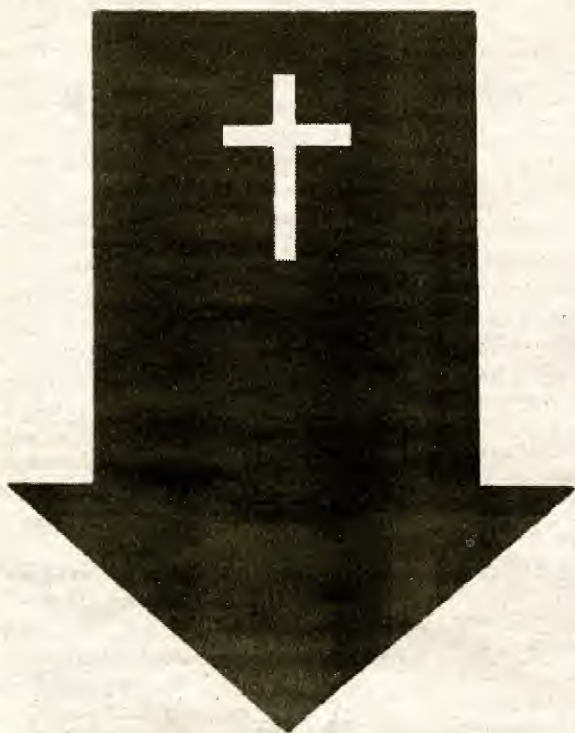
We as a business carry SLUG in our store
and consequently I pick it up and read it (in
addition to looking for the new blue boutique
girl) every month. Well I was reading the
letter from the editor in the January issue and
while I find it admirable that you ask the
question, "in the year 2000 will I hang out
with people who differentiate between skin
color, religious beleif, sexual preference or
social background?" as if you are tired of
these childish classifications. In the next issue
however, you continue to classify people by
saying, "Isn't it time to grow up like men and
women?" Isn't it time to just grow up and act
like human beings? After all we're all in this
life as well as on the same planet together.

One of the countless throng,

Chris Jensen

*Ed: If we can no longer say men & women,
aren't we taking this a little too far?*

"Hellavator"



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SOUNDS LIKE **BULLSHIT** To Me... a letter from the editor

No Mas Madonna, Mucho Santana, The Completion Backwards Principle

You know, I have pretty much left the blonde tramp alone. Every step of her career has been an open invite for a verbal slamfest of gargantuan proportions, and I have let it slide... until now. (Sorry Dean) Madonna has crossed the line. A) YOU DO NOT COVER "AMERICAN PIE," PERIOD! This is a Don McClean classic that defined a specific time for an entire generation. But you have no class, you put some horrible dance disco beat behind it combined with the worst vocal track ever recorded to create some freakish Frankenstein cover that may very well be the worst excuse for a song ever put on tape. I hate you so very much. Sorry Dean, don't be pissed, it had to be said. And now for a real musician...

Carlos Santana swept the Grammys with 8 awards. If there was a Grammy award for great guitar player, it would have been 9... And one more congratulations to Mr. Tom Waits for winning a grammy for Best Contemporary Folk Album: "Mule Variations." Right after appearing on the cover of the February SLUG. Coincidence?

The SLUG PARTY was a smash baby! All the bands were outstanding. The Thought Patterns spoken word group was just amazing. More of that hopefully soon. If you get a chance to go see them perform, DO IT! Try the Dragonfly Cafe every other Wednesday.

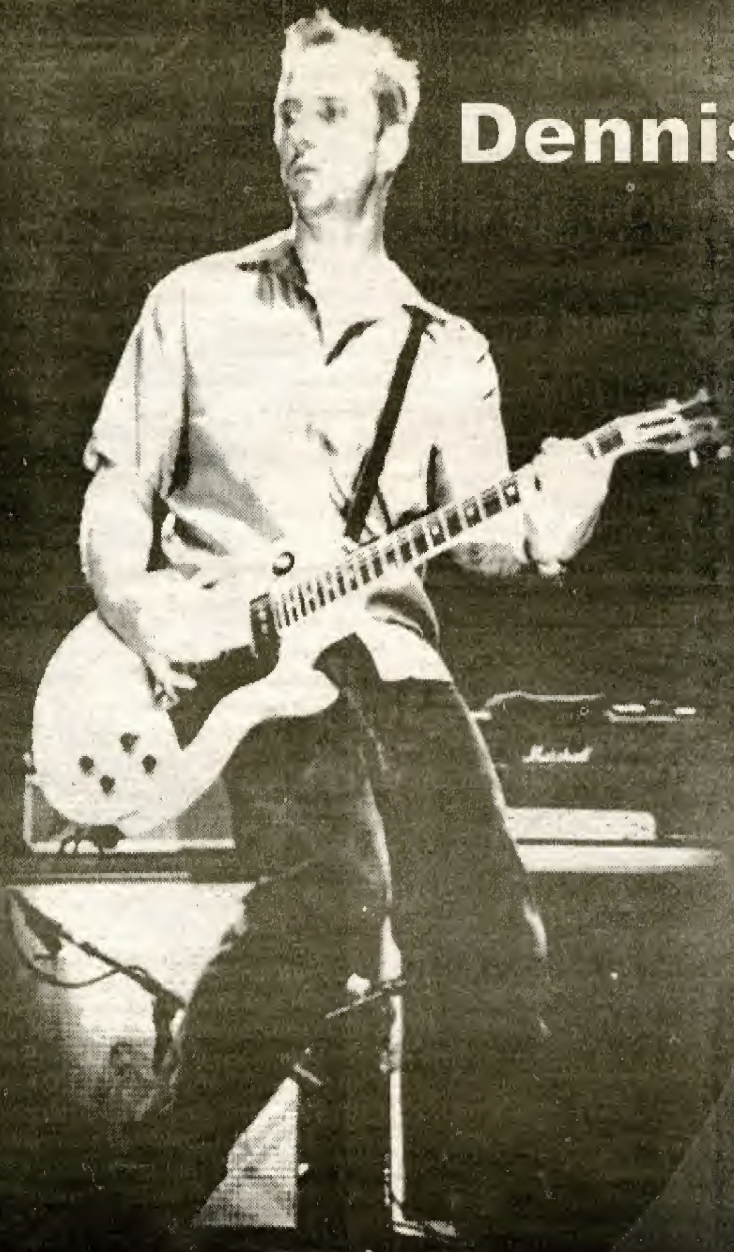
Vexations, Thunderfist, Sugarpants and Fisfull, thanks for making it an asskicker. That could have been the best lineup ever to play a SLUG event. Only one small bitch I have. (you knew that was coming didn't you?) There was a group of barely 21 year old girls watching Sugarpants play when Satan Morley and company dragged out a guy playing Jesus tied to a cross. This freaked the girls out to no end. They were asked to leave by the fine Zephyr staff. Only they stayed in the foyer bitching and complaining about Free Speech and First Amendment rights and things they obviously didn't understand. Why was it bad only when Jesus came out? They were dancing when Dave was dressed as Satan. Dan was playing the Devil, and Jenny was playing an angel, each with their own good vs. evil go-go dancers. That was OK. But when Jesus came out that was just too much for their little minds to take. By the time I got out to the lobby to hear them piss and moan I asked the girl "If you are so offended, why are you still here?" She had no answer. Grow up.

The Completion Backwards Principle? You either know it or you don't. This magazine is another example of the Completion Backwards Principle. If you can possibly manage the time, please read all the pages at one sitting.

In the words of that tubby philosopher Eric Cartman, "screw you guys, I'm out of here."

—The Losers at Planet SLUG

Dennis Danell 1962-2000



Dennis Danell, longtime guitarist for seminal punk rock band Social Distortion, died on Tuesday, February 29th. Dennis Danell, the 38-year-old guitarist for punk band Social Distortion, died of natural causes on Tuesday February 29th. Danell is survived by his wife

Christie, 3 year-old son and 6 month-old daughter. Danell, a founding member of Social Distortion, enjoyed a prosperous recording career with the band since its inception in 1979. Over his 20 years as their guitarist and backing vocalist, Danell lent his gritty, high-octane style to the band, making him an integral link in the Social Distortion sound. With Social Distortion, Danell's album credits include *Mainliner* (1981), *Mommy's Little Monster* (1982), the punk rock documentary film *Another State Of Mind* (1982), *Prison Bound* (1985), *Social Distortion* (1990) *Somewhere Between Heaven And Hell* (1992) *White Light, White Heat, White Trash* (1996) and *Live At The Roxy* (1998). On break from

Social Distortion since recording the live album, Danell was busy recording local Orange County bands in SD's long time recording studio, Casbah in Fullerton. Social Distortion singer Mike Ness said, "I am saddened beyond any possible form of expression. Dennis and I have been friends since boyhood, starting Social Distortion while we were in high school. My deepest regrets to his family."



No Use For A Name The Fat Wreck Tour

photos by Angela Brown

No Use For A Name is not just another flash in the pan melodic hardcore band. These boys have been doing it longer and better than just about any of the Epi-Wreck legions that have captured the hearts of high-schoolers the world over.

Fresh from their stint as headliners during the European leg of the world's first *Fat Wreck Chords Tour*, the boys in No Use For a Name now have their feet firmly planted on Yankee soil as they bounce across the country in a rented RV with fellow *Fat Wreck* label mates the Mad Caddies, Bracket, and Consumed, all chalking up dates on the *Fat Wreck Tour's* North American episode. Day 3 of the tour, and after an alleged Reno drinking binge involving a slot machine, a magic marker, 2 dozen eggs, a box of band aids, and a janitor named Steve, the tour found its RV's parked in the mud and grime of SLC's own Bricks.

Before the show I found myself in No Use for a Name's Motor home with my shoes off. Pretty big change for No Use (I will not submit to that fucking NUFAN

acronym!) as of late, lead player Chris Shiflet has left the band to become a touring member for the Foo Fighters as they tour with the Red Hot Chili Peppers this spring. Chris was replaced by Dave

doubled as a bed.

The show got started in fine *Brick's* tradition at 6:30. Consumed "Oied" their way through the basic hardcore punk that the kiddies loved so well. Bracket was up next. The Forestville, CA foursome bumbled through a not to well received set, half way through a baker's dozen middle fingers were raised from the pit on Bracket's behalf. Screw the pit. Chapter Three in the Fat Wreck saga was the Mad Caddies, all 7 of them crammed on to the



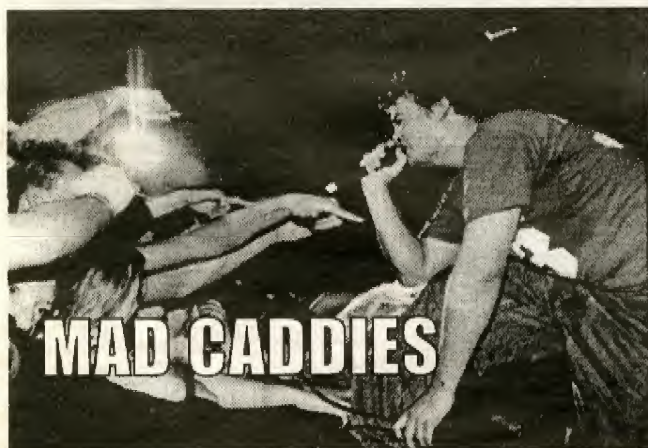
stage. The ska-core and fist shaking lead singer Chuck made a pretty decent warm up for the crowd. The fist swingers in the pits were ready for something a bit meatier.

Enter No Use For a Name. They kicked their set off with the first track from their latest release, and from there blistered their way through a mixed bag of older stuff.

Highlights included a happy birthday salute to their merchandise guy, and two covers, Bob Marley's "Redemption Songs" from old favorite *Leche Con Carne*, and a rousing rendition of a Dead Kennedys song that I don't know the name of because I suck. The crowd gave a hearty applause while myself and my buddies looked for our missing teeth. No Use came back out for an encore, and by the time I had my molars in my pocket, the show was

over and we were out the door all before 10:00. Gotta love Punk.

—Curtis Jensen



Nassie of former Suicidal Tendencies fame. When reminded about the situation, vocalist Tony Sly fired off a quick, "What? Dave, did you know about that?"

I gave up on trying to dig up any dirt, and for the next half an hour myself and photographer Angela Brown enjoyed ourselves watching bass player Matt Riddle (sound familiar Face to Face fans?) try and piece together the TV he had disassembled on the kitchen table that

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Now THAT was a party...

A Special thanks to THOUGHT PATTERNS, THUNDERFIST, VEXATIONS, SUGARPANTS, FISTFULL, The Zephyr Club, everybody who helped out and everyone who showed up.

—your pals at Planet SLUG

First it was Jesus, Now The Jesus Lizard Departs This Earth - What Next?!!

The appropriately named South American reptile who possesses the uncanny ability of darting across surfaces of piranha infested waterways - on two feet - only to taunt their hungry jaws - still walks on water, but the rock band phenomenon has risen, leaving only their sound bibles to recruit new believers. Of course, if you like your rock dark, tense, tight and twisted, not much more could be desired. The guitars and drums created a gloomy, yet beautiful tension from which David Yow's anguished voice seemed to spit simultaneous desperation and tortured humor. The bass and drums drove a stake steadily through your brain. David Sims played his bass with psychotic intensity, seemingly possessed as he stared through the crowd with a stone-cold gaze - humanity left by the wayside. Duane Denison's bent, yet articulate guitar playing, seared razor sharp and hinted jazz. From the records you can hear it, at their live show you could see it. Yow, well into his thirties, hanging head first from the rafters, microphone in hand, mouth moving, drool spilling, diving from the ceiling, old rack of bones bouncing on bodies, frequently pummeling into the dirty floors, mouth still moving, "I like him just fine, but he's a mouth breather". He was clown-like - always imprudent, yet never threatening.

Only those who have undergone major lobotomies could walk away from The Jesus Lizard shows less than bewildered. After first hearing them, I thought, "What is this shit?!!" After another listen, I started wondering, a third - I was hooked. Their live show had to be experienced to be understood. In the *Touch and Go Records* Catalog, The Jesus Lizard caption read, "Best live show on earth and two other planets."

Over the course of The Jesus Lizard's ten year existence, they played 906 live shows on a few different continents, were banned from two major American cities, Cincinnati and Seattle, and left lasting impressions on many attendees as vocalist, David Yow's vibrant enthusiasm shined through in the way of numerous broken bones and stretcher rides to the hospital from Albuquerque and Zurich.

David Yow and David Sims were members of the famed Austin, Texas demento-rock outfit, *Scratch Acid*. Those who attended their shows may remember a fresh pile of dung flung from Yow's trou, splatter warmly, even comfortably, over their faces moments before the band kicked into full-fledged frenzy. They were remembered for their labor intensive song writing process and gloriously psychotic live shows. After many trials and tribulations, Sims and Yow teamed up with Duane Denison, ex-Cargo Cult, also from Austin and moved to Chicago. Prior to the conception of the Jesus Lizard, Sims joined ex-Big Black, current Shellac front-man Steve Albini and drummer, also ex-Scratch Acid, ex-Big Boys, Rey Washam to form *Rape Man*. Although the name shocked and angered groups of lesbians and housewives who protested outside different venues during their shows, Steve Albini insisted that they were precisely the kind of people that he would have most preferred having at their shows. They just didn't understand the Albini brand of sarcasm. After all, the band was named after a title character in a Japanese comic book - and by putting oneself in the place of the most despised, people definitely pay a little more attention. A short-lived stint, they released one-album on *Touch and Go*, *Two Nuns and a Pack Mule*. In 1988, guitarist extra ordinaire, Duane Denison requested the services of bass guitarist, David Sims and vocalist, David Yow to assist him with some song ideas he had formulated. The Jesus Lizard was born. Denison, a classical guitar graduate from Eastern Michigan University, would remain the mastermind behind much of the band's song-writing. In the beginning, the group

"If I had to place my money on who was the best rock band in the world at this point, it would be The Jesus Lizard from Chicago. They'll probably become more and more significant."

utilized a drum machine and recorded their first EP, *Pure*, released by *Touch and Go Records* in 1989. Sims and Yow enjoyed working with Denison so much that they recruited drummer, Mac McNeilly and released *the Head* LP in 1990. McNeilly would remain a Lizard until 1997, at which point Jim Kimball of *Laughing Hyenas* and *Mule* would take charge. When *Goat* was released in 1991, they made their mark as one of the most important bands in existence for the 1990's. Renowned recording artist/guitarist Steve Albini once stated, "If I had to place my money on who was the best rock band in the world at this point, it would be The Jesus Lizard from Chicago. They'll probably become more and more

significant."

From 1989 to 1999 The Jesus Lizard would go on to play hundreds of shows, release one LP, six EP's, numerous 7 inch records and make a big impact indeed. After summer 1995, The Jesus Lizard left *Touch and Go Records* for major label, *Capitol Records*. Their four years with Capitol began with the release of the LP, *Shot*. For the skeptics who would believe their sound to be artistically compromised, there wasn't much difference, if any in their approach. In an interview, Yow stated that he believed *Shot* was the most true to life recording they had done yet. Their next release on *Capitol*, the LP, *Blue*, exhibited the most noticeable change in their sound, next to the move from drum machine to Mac McNeilly in 1989. Produced by Andy Gill of *Gang of Four*, the album was highly anticipated, but left most listeners wanting. Lizard fan and local guitar prodigy, Eric Olsen stated, "It was too polished, not as raw, and lacked the spark of prior albums."

In January 2000, *Touch and Go* released The Jesus Lizard's farewell LP, *Bang*. It was the last of their four letter words to enter the world. The album is a blend of the early *Touch and Go* seven inches and live tracks. Adam (blank), the publicity director from *Touch and Go Records* said they released it for them as a favor. *Touch and Go* records has been at least in part defined by The Jesus Lizard, a definition they're happy to live with.

Ohio's Attorney General and her family will never forget The Jesus Lizard after witnessing David Yow perform his infamous "tight and shiny" during Lollapalooza '95 summer tour in Cincinnati. The "tight and shiny" was performed by gripping the scrotum as tightly as possible just behind one of the testicles. Due to the painfully tight grip, which was probably deadened by a combination of adrenaline and inebriation, the testicle appeared as though it could have very easily popped through the skin smacking a member of the audience in the face at bullet speeds - leaving a mark no doubt, comparable to any high powered paintball weapon. Apparently Ohio's Attorney General didn't view the act as prerequisite for good uninhibited rock and roll, and she had that rogue Yow promptly jailed. The Jesus Lizard was cordially invited to never again return as a band to Cincinnati. Poor sports.

Even critics of The Jesus Lizard have admitted that the band is a talented machine, but they say one with a rusty gear. They've reported that Mr. Yow doesn't truly sing and harmonize - like a singer should. Try explaining The Jesus Lizard to its fans without the rambunctious David Yow. Their answers are sure to depict the notion nothing short of preposterous. In an interview, Yow admittedly declared that he has never really considered himself a singer. For him, his voice was a tool to complement the rhythmic end, not the melodic, his body was a tool for an exciting rock show packed full of acts that would only be attempted by one capable of shedding all inhibitions. The Jesus Lizard without a David Yow would be a vehicle driving on a dark night without its headlights.

The Jesus Lizard was like no other band that had ever existed before it. They surely had influences, but they took theirs in new directions. They were a dichotomy of well refined, cutting edge machinery and a loose nut spinning off course impacting what it would. They were puissant and serious, yet always with a sense of humor. They were ten years of music that made people talk and anticipate. Slivers of their sound are and will continue



projecting from the amplifiers of bands and bands to come, but they can never be duplicated. They created something far larger than all of its parts and unleashed it on the world to soar through our ears and remind us, The Jesus Lizard was here.

—Ben Dodds

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This month's installment of five questions found me deep in the heart of the hipster district in SLC, that's right, 9th and 9th. *The Coffee Garden* was overflowing with young punks, and their respective entourages, sipping mochas and lattes dreaming of their utopian society built upon liberty spikes and shiny leather boots. Square glassed students craned their necks to see if they could find someone to discuss Karl Marx, or possibly the significance of the Police on 80's New Wave. The streets were alive with the caffeinated ramblings of both adolescent and post-adolescent youth. Caffeine makes for some wild gatherings folks, and this was no exception. Anyway, I just happened to have my handy tape recorder with me, and I wandered into *Salt City CD's* with the intention of talking to Leif Myrberg, the man, the myth, the legend. You have to understand, Leif has this almost Rain Man like knowledge of music. If you want to find something that sounds like, say, "MC5 meets Black Sabbath in a dark alley with a lead pipe." Leif can find it for you, or he knows what you're talking about. I'll stop stroking him now, because I know it will make his head explode. So, there I was ready to ask him five questions when I noticed my tape recorder's batteries were dead. Fuck. I got new batteries, and the interview went something like this:

(Little Richard was playing in the background at *Salt City CD's*)
SLUG: Well, I don't know what the fuck I'm going to ask you, I'll just let the tape recorder roll until you say something that's worth a shit.

LEIF: We should really do this over some beers.

SLUG: Yeah, I think so too, but my liver needs a break. Look, I wanted to talk to you, because you're one of those people that's worth talking to.

LEIF: An opinionated little prick?

SLUG: Exactly. (Laughter)

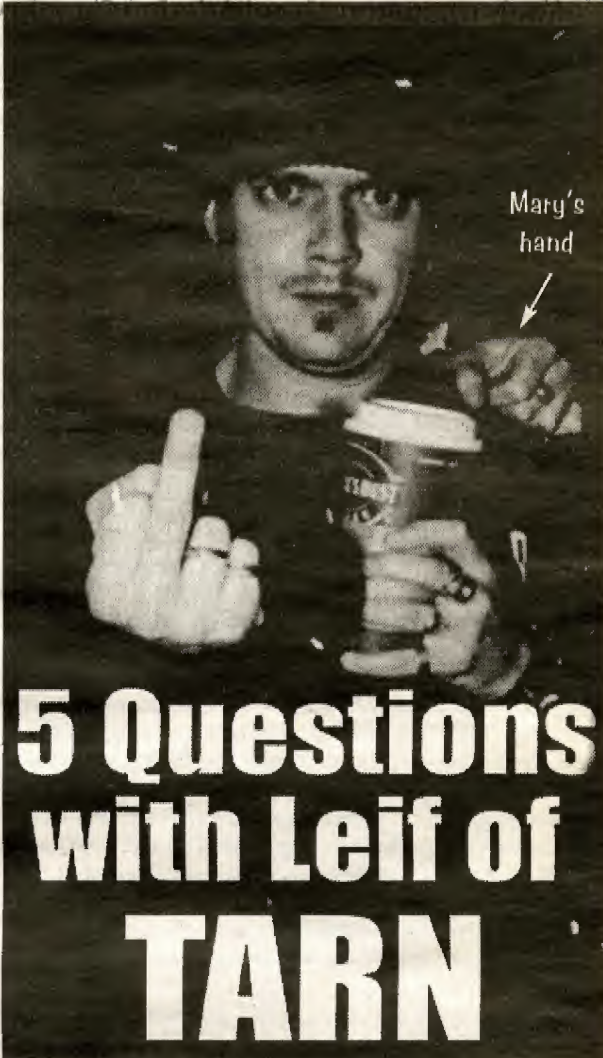
At this point, we begin to actually talk about Tarn. I first encountered Tarn at a gig opening for the Red Bennies. I was amazed. The sound was so heavy, trashy, and loud that I became a fan after only listening to one song. At times the band had the traditional guitar, bass, drums setup, but they would occasionally switch it up to a two bass variation that made for one hell of a good low end sound. Vocalists Carrie Wakefield and Dave Styer have a stage chemistry reminiscent of Exene Cervenka and John Doe, and not to mention Chris Roberts, guitar/bassist extraordinaire. Although there was relatively little movement within the band, the music spoke for itself. And there, behind the oversized drum kit, was Leif. Head swaying wildly, hair flying in all directions, and his arms flailing like a madman. I had played in a band with Leif previously, but I had never seen him like this. The sheer intensity of the moment almost gave me a nervous breakdown, and that to me is the sign of a good band.

SLUG: Question #1: You guys play a lot of gigs with the Red Bennies, what is your connection to that band?

LEIF: Well, Eli (Morrison, guitarist for the Red Bennies) says that we're his favorite band in Salt Lake, and they're our favorite band here, so... It seems like when we play together, we feed off of each other's energy, and that always makes for really good shows. Like, when we played at Eli's birthday party at the Moroccan. That was the best show we've played yet. It was Fumamos, us, and the Red Bennies. Great energy.

SLUG: Okay, Question #2: How long has Tarn been around?

LEIF: Tarn has been around for a while. Let's see, I started playing with them around the beginning of the summer last year. They had



5 Questions with Leif of TARN

been playing for about 6 months before that, and they had another drummer and bassist.

SLUG: Does Tarn have any recorded material?

LEIF: Well, we tried to record for the SLUG compilation. We were doing it live, and, I don't know, it came out kind of noisy.

SLUG: Question #3: I know that you hate a lot of bands, which band do you hate the most?

LEIF: If I started that list I would finish by, lets see, next September. That's probably the dumbest question I've ever heard.

SLUG: Question #4: I like to watch Tarn play so that I can see you with your shirt off, why don't you start lifting weights or something?

LEIF: I'm not gonna lift weights. I can barely lift my fucking head out of bed in the morning. I have muscle spasms all the time, though. Look man, alcoholics got no time to lift weights.

SLUG: Yeah, that's true. It takes away from the drinking time. Okay, one last question. Question #5: Why doesn't Tarn have a backwards "R" like Korn?

At this point in the tape there is the sound of a bottle breaking, and what appears to be me screaming like a little girl for him to let go of my hair. Leif later informed me that he knew people who would perform a maneuver called the "Dirty Sanchez" on me. I asked if that was like a "Columbian Necktie," and he assured me that it wasn't. He then told me that if I ever mentioned Korn and Tarn in the same sentence again, he would kick me so hard that my groin would fill with blood. At this point Leif's mother walked in to Salt City, and referred to Leif as "The Leifer" this did some serious detraction from his tough guy image. Next Month's Five Questions: The Corleones, or the Beaumonts (whoever emails me first) If you would like your band featured in 5 Questions, then email me: jeremycardenas@netscape.net

Jon Bean: Outlaw and Fugitive from Justice? Check out next month's installment on local musicians: Is it true that it took over seven members of the Salt Lake Sheriff's Department to take Jon down? Is it true that he was attacked by a riot squad, and maced repeatedly? Is it true that all of this occurred in a local health food store? Is Jon an outlaw? What did he do to warrant this kind of action? Is there something that Jon wasn't telling us last time we interviewed him for 5 Questions? Find out all of this, and more, in next month's installment of Salt Lake's Most Notorious Outlaw Musicians available only in SLUG Magazine.

—Jeremy Cardenas



THE
DWARVES
"COME CLEAN"
OUT 3/7/2K



Yes, the rumors are true Luna did play Park City on January 25th, and yes, it was a private show for friends and associates of Slamdance. I know because I was there. This is the story.

Imagine, if you will, that one of your favorite bands is playing a live show at a private party for some film festival in a nearby ski resort town and you have been selected to not only see them play, but review their new CD, and interview them in person. Sounds like a dream come true, doesn't it. Who wouldn't jump at the chance? I, for one, wasn't going to let this one pass me by.

By the way, this little who, what, and where is about Luna. You know, Luna. Oh, you don't know Luna? Well let me give you a little history lesson. Luna is a New York based band fronted by Dean Wareham who used be the driving force behind Galaxie 500. They formed as a trio back in '92 when Dean joined forces with Justin Harwood (former bassist of The Chills) and Stanley Demeski (drummer formerly with The Feelies) and recorded *Lunapark*. Shortly afterward, guitarist Sean Eden united with the band and they went on to create two full length albums, *Bewitched* (93) and *Penthouse* (95). Stanley Demeski was later replaced by Lee Wall in '96. This lineup has stayed intact for two albums, namely *Pup Tent* (97) and their most recent, *Days of Our Nights* (99). Well, as a fan since *Lunapark*, I thought I knew all about Luna, but like every good little reporter should, I still did my research. I got on the net, while listening to all my Luna CDs, including the new one, which I'll get to in a minute. I checked out some fan sites, I read some bios and press clippings. I even went to the official Luna site, *Fuzzywuzzy.com*, which was under construction. I did all I could to prepare myself to review the performance of Luna and give them an interview that neither they, nor you the reader, would soon forget.

So, anyway about that new album. Originally recorded in November and December of '98, *Days* was not picked up by Elektra. (the bands label for seven years) The up and coming Jericho label quickly signed the band and released *Days* domestically. In October of '99.

The Paul Kimbel (of Grant Lee Buffalo) produced album is a paramount achievement for Luna. It shows just how far this band has traveled and how much they have matured. The new album is still trademark Luna, sharp tongue lyrics ebb and flow amidst haunting melodies like a boat tied to a dock. But, unlike the overly-analyzed *Pup Tent*, the musicianship on this album seems more complex and realized then some of their past efforts.

Days includes songs like *Dear Diary* and *Hello, Little One* which are typical fare for Luna, the masters of the melodic. Both songs blend insightful and existential lyrics with the hypnotic and pleasing guitar in a storm of sound. *The Old Fashioned Way* is a haunting, dreamlike tune that slips out of the speakers like mist. The sardonic and more upbeat *Four Thousand Days*, is followed by the X-filian *Seven Steps to Satan*. Superfreaky Memories is a dredged up, multifaceted couch trip layered with cello. The song *U.S. Out of My Pants* is probably the most lighthearted track and lends a bossanova flair to ostentatious lyrics. The Slow Song (sung in German) reminds me of a fornication between Mazzy Star and The Tindersticks. Dean's vacillating voice contrasts well with the song's lurid slide guitar. The final track on the album is a cover of the G'n'R hit, *Sweet Child 'O Mine*. The song's deliberate tempo is that of an opiate dream. Oh, and by the way, Sheryl, not only did Luna do it better, they did it first.

Now, let's get the show. It's January 25th, night of the show, and I was ready. In my pockets were all the tools I would need. A little notepad, two pens (in case one stopped working) and my secret weapon... a micro cassette recorder. It turns out I wouldn't need the recorder as Luna didn't have enough free time to be interviewed before the show. A later phone interview was scheduled. I did try to record the show, (Luna say they don't mind pirating as long as you share,) but it didn't sound very good. This would not be the last time that damn

electronic device would fail me. The streets of Park City were filled with all the typical things you would find in some once- quaint-ski-resort-town being bombarded by too many events. Important people with cell phones driving rental cars cut each other off, while people on the sidewalk tried their best to look cool without looking like they were trying to look cool. The air was filled with the buzz of conversation inspired by the buzz of conversation. You get the point. A line had formed in front of the venue known as *Cisero's* to the locals. Following a brief introduction to the door guard by my photographer, I was in. If it hadn't been for her I wouldn't have gotten in. Make note to self: be more assertive. It seems that the word had gotten out due to another local magazine's article that Luna would be playing and there were a lot of fans trying to get in. I can't say I blame them since the band hasn't played in Utah since 1993. Some of the die hard fans actually succeeded in getting in by impersonating Jagermeister representatives, Jericho record executives and like myself, writers.

The scene inside was crazy. Hundreds of important nobodies flocked the bar in order to get free drinks before the tab ran dry. Banners and signs attacked from all directions with dot com this and dot com that. A projection screen whispered upcoming made for TV trailers to the crowd. But it was behind the screen that the action would take place. I caught a glimpse of Luna's drummer, Lee Wall as he finished setting up his drums and took my position, front row, stage left. Before I knew it, the din of before was washed clean by the sweet and melancholic sounds of *Chinatown*:

"In the tiny, tiny hours between the evening and the day - We have placed our final bets, we have come out to play - Fancy drinks and lucky toasts, I like this one the most"

Unsure of the title of the second song, I scooted a little closer to try and read the rest of the play list, scrawled on a napkin which laid at the feet of the bass player, who I thought was Justin Harwood, with hair. I later found out that he was Matt Quigley from the bands Vaganza and Skunk. Don't worry, this is just a temporary change in the line up as Justin is now with his wife in New Zealand, expecting the birth of their first baby.

The rest of the show included blissful renditions of some of Luna's strongest tunes, like *Tiger Lily*, *Pup Tent*, *Lost in Space*, and *Sideshow by the Seashore*:

"Maybe if I yell at you, you'll trust in what I'm saying - Well, I'm keeping all the secrets and I've nothing else to say"

Thrown in for good measure were some great songs off of the new album, *The Days of Our Nights*, namely *4000 Days*, *Dear Diary*, and *Super Freaky Memories*. Despite the cries from the crowd, Luna did not play *Sweet Child of Mine*. They didn't play. The Moviegoer, either, despite my yelped requests. The show ended with *23 Minutes in Brussels*, followed by an encore of *Moon Palace*:

"Words you don't understand are all making sense tonight
It's hard to think straight when you're feeling so great
Only want to get out of your head"

As Luna walked off of the stage, I couldn't help but feel like a child after all the Christmas presents have been unwrapped.

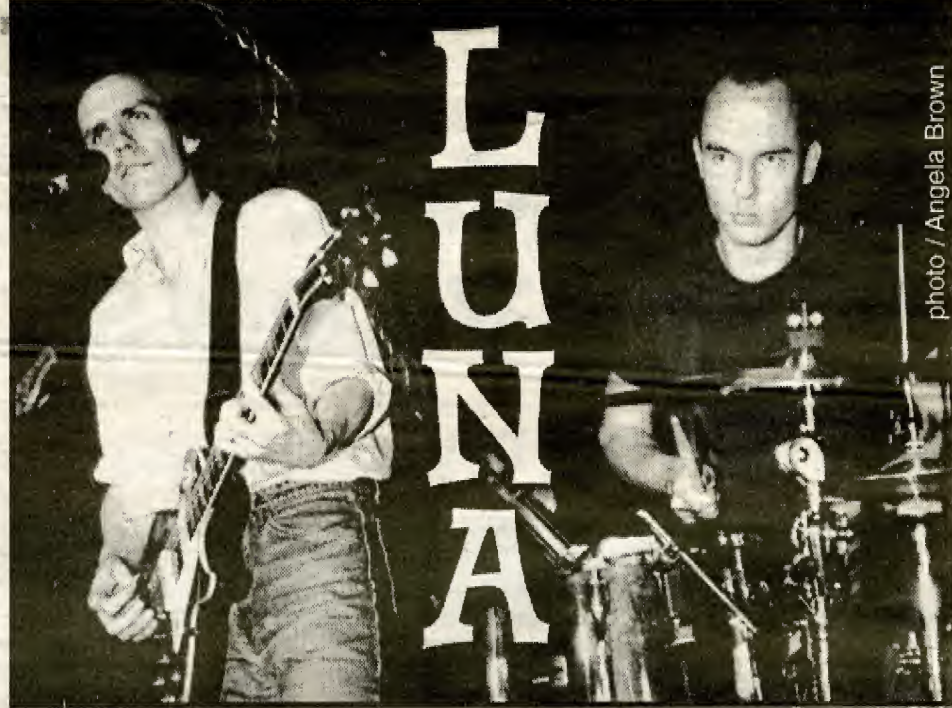


photo / Angela Brown

Elated and yet disappointed, I made my way through the crowd. It was a great 45 minute set and the crowd was definitely pleased but something about the way they played seemed almost mercenary-like. They looked a little worn. They probably were after their grueling five week European tour followed by an extensive six week tour of the states. The din of pretentious conversation set in as before, only this time louder. The drinks were no longer free.

"Do you remember stumbling home? Do you remember dancing alone?" from *4000 Days*

January 28th, was the day of the big interview. I was nervous all day. I hadn't heard back from anyone and had kind of hoped it would be postponed again. My list of questions to ask the band was pretty weak and uninspired despite the amount of time I had spent compiling them. Reading all the bands bios and scores of interviews only helped to eliminate my better questions. It wasn't as easy as they made it look on MTV. Suddenly, the phone rang. On the other end a voice said that the interview would still take place today but that it had to be now. I felt a shiver run up the back of my neck. I had no way of recording the interview from home. In true MacGuyver fashion, I jimmy-rigged my trusty micro cassette recorder to the listening end of a second phone and dialed the number I had just been given. After two quick rings someone picked up.

"Hello," a quiet voice answered. It was Dean Wareham, the man behind it all. I had expected to interview Sean Eden, the guitarist, or maybe the drummer, but this was Dean on the other end. I tried to hide my nervousness to the very courteous Dean. I decided to come clean and tell him that this was my first interview and how difficult it was to do, being a big fan of his. I proceeded to ask him the eight or nine questions that I had tediously prepared. He was very polite and set me at ease. I didn't even notice that the micro cassette recorder had stopped working.

"Remember, remember I'm sticking to my story. Remember, remember it's all that I have left" from *4000 Days*

For more information on Luna, check out their website. fuzzywuzzy.com

—Derecimo

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Concert Previews

Back for more, huh? Well, piss off. Woo-hoo. First on the menu for the month of March is **Deke Dickerson**. I find it terribly difficult to resist talking about his version of the Trenier's "Poontang." I can't even hear the man's name without chuckling over the song. He's playing the

5th (that's tonight, if you are such a SLUG fanatic that you picked up a steaming hot copy on the day it streets) at the Zephyr Club. Poontang. I like saying poontang.

On the 6th, it's **A Flock of Seagulls** at the Zephyr. I can admit to liking their radio songs, but I could never sit through an entire album of their shit, much less a show. I don't even want to know what their new stuff sounds like. Poontang.

March 7th. **LORDS OF ACID**. Whoop-de-fucking-do. Who cares? Why make such a big deal out of a "band" who just released an album of their best stuff remixed by bunch of hired guns? Why not put out something NEW for a change? Granted, there are four new tunes on the new record, but they should ALL be new. How long has it been? I don't want to hear "Crab Louse" or "Pussy" again, remix or no. The only good reason to attend would be if you were the luck winner of a spanking (administered, of course, by "Darling" Nikkie Van Lierop). Genaside 2 will open. Poontang.

March 8th. Got yer choice of **Peter Murphy**, who is touring for the first time in five years (State Fairgrounds), or **Michelle Malone** (Zephyr Club), a singer-songwriter type who opened for the Indigo Girls last time they were here. Um. Poontang?

On the ninth, there's a hot one at DV8. **The Murder City Devils** and **American Steel** will occupy the stage. MCD has a new one coming out this spring on Sub Pop. Watch for it. My personal pick for this night, however, would be the **Blue Dogs** show at Cozy's in Park City. This South Carolina quintet (who also happen to be playing the Dead Goat on the 10th) has released one of my favorite albums of the last six months, *Letters From Round 0*. The songs are so sweet. Jus' like poontang.

Also on the 10th, **Filter** and **Chevelle** will play Saltair. The latter is the best band of the bill, but they lose points for being a Christian band. For being so wonderfully heavy and melodic, they can sure screw up a good song by comparing God to a "healing aloe plant." Not much to say about Filter, except that Richard Patrick is evidently steering the band in a more "poppy" direction. Title of Record, the "cleverly" titled sophomore release from Filter, is schizophrenic. Half the songs sound like rejects from the band's debut, *Short Bus*, and the other half are sing-songy. Poontang.

Ether's CD release party is also on the 10th, (YaBut's) with the **Red Bennies** opening (no surprise, since Eli Morrison does time in both bands). Haven't had the pleasure of hearing the Ether disc yet, but if Eli's involved, you can bet it's original and rather fucked up. **Alkaline Trio** is at Kilby Court that night as well.

Now, I'm gonna pretend that everyone reading this column is as big a horror

movie geek as I am. On March 11th and 12th at the Utah State Fairpark, FanFest 2000 is happening. It is, I believe, the first convention of its kind (at least since the Kiss convention a few years back) to hit SLC. And what kind of convention would it be? Well, I have already alluded to horror films, but that's not entirely true. The actors who played Leatherface (Gunnar Hansen), Jason (Richard Brooker Part III, the first Jason to don the infamous hockey mask, and Ted White part IV), and Michael Myers (local actor Don Shanks Part V, in addition to playing Nakoma, Grizzly Adams' sidekick) will be present to sign autographs and answer questions, as will Todd Bridges (Willis, from *Diff'rent Strokes*), Frank Gorshin (the Riddler on the original Batman television show), George Takei (Star Trek's Mr. Sulu), and others. Can anyone think of a better way to spend the weekend that doesn't involve a bong, some oatmeal cookies sprinkled over vanilla ice cream, and a satellite dish? Neither can I. Unless it involves some poontang.

The 12th offers **Ponticello** at Borders from 2-4 p.m., and then later at the Hog Wallow. **Anniversary** is at Kilby Court, or **Vision of Disorder**, **Skarhead**, **Candiria**, and **Buried Alive** at Club DV8. After that, on the 13th, my new Most-Hated Band, **Third Eye Blind**, is at Saltair with **Tonic**. Without apology, I will say that I think Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins is a smarmy, Pearl Drops-smilin' bastard. Anyone who happened to watch MTV's macabre, two-hour battle of the cover bands will corroborate. I would say fuck this show if it weren't oh, Christ. Who am I kidding? I was just going to say that Tonic was a reason to go because that song ("If You Could Only See") wasn't really that bad. Goddamn it! What in God's name am I becoming? Fuck this show. Poontang, poontang, poontang.

Go see **E.C. Scott** at the Dead Goat instead. She'll also play Beatnik's in Ogden on the 14th.

Ichabob's has **CHOLA**... Ooops, I mean the **Frantic Flattops** on the 14th, and I happen to believe that other than Burt's, there is no better venue for rockabilly in Salt Lake. A dive bar just suits the tunes. Apologies sort of to Michael Styles, as I assume he might take that comment the wrong way. What I mean to say is that sleazy music belongs in sleazy surroundings. Ah, shit. I'm gonna get my ass kicked. Look. I like Ichabob's and I would go see this show there before I would anywhere else other than Burt's, of course. Please don't hurt me, Michael. I'm a delicate flower. The **Frantic Flattops** will move on to ABG's in Provo the next night (15th).

Speaking of Burt's Tiki Lounge, I know a band that will scare you right out of your tighy-whiteys. Think voodoo. Think reverb. Think motherfuckin' truckin'. Yep, it's **Deadbolt**, supporting **Voodoo Trucker** (Headhunter/Cargo). Two nights (15th, 16th), and it's FREE. All bow to the Tiki God! The Swamp Donkeys were supposed to open, but head jackass (HEE-awwww! HEE-awwww!) Jason Lamb informs me that he has disassembled the band and joined Thunderfist. You are a rat bastard, Jason. Take it back! (Now, Jason, I'm jus' messin' with ya. Don't be bringing Thunderfist and their bunny-ear wearin' singer over to beat the shit out of me. Delicate. Flower. Pantywaist. Poontang).

An alternative to this show would be **Karl Denson's Tiny Universe** at Harry O's on both nights. Yeah, sure. Alternatives to Deadbolt? For SLUG readers, there are none (excuses for non-attendance accepted

only with obituary clipping and note from mother). Token country show: Neal "Poontang" McCoy. Dee Events Center. 17th.

The Motet, a jam band from (surprise) Colorado is at the Hog Wallow on the 18th.

If acid jazz is your thing, then you are probably familiar with **Liquid Soul**. Catch Mars Williams and mates at the Zephyr on the 19th, while other people waste their time at home watching TV.

On the 20th, **Hot Water Music** and **Elliot** are at DV8, Keller Williams is at Harry O's, the Rusty Zinn Band is at the Dead Goat (on the 20th and 21st), and that other band I was gonna mention. They've already got enough press outta me.

Powerman 5000 returns to Saltair on the 21st with **Dope** and **Static X**, but the real show is at the Zephyr. The **Flaming Lips** and **Looper** (formerly Belle and Sebastian) will be there. Kill the appropriate number of brain cells and enjoy.

Special Goodness is at Kilby Court on the 23rd, **Jars of Clay** and **Burlap to Cashmere** are at Kingsbury Hall on the 24th, and at YaBut's the JP5 will headline over the **Red Bennies** and **Tam** on that same night **Groove Collective** brings more acid jazz to the Zephyr on the 24th and 25th.

Agent Orange will sell out Club DV8 on the 25th, as **H2O**, **Saves the Day**, and **Anti-Flag** play Brick's.

On the 26th, Yabut's is having a "Band Appreciation Night" with the **Unlucky Boys** and **Phlegmatic**.

Geek Part II: I LOVE KISS!

I don't care if they are corporate shills. Nah, I take that back. I am disgusted, but not surprised, that they are charging \$91 per ticket (\$51 for the shitty seats). On one hand, they have to have something to retire on (I'm sure the merchandise royalties from the action figures, trading cards, Hot WheelsT cars, neckties, coffee cups, t-shirts, phone cards, poontang, Internet service, KISSTORY books \$150 for cryin' out loud! and God knows what else will only go so far).

Conversely, I say that if you talk big about being about the fans, then on your "Farewell" tour you should make it affordable for everyone. These people bought your albums, your merchandise, and tickets to past shows. They made you rich. Doesn't matter if you blew it all in the late-seventies and early eighties. You made it all back and then some on the reunion tour, then on the Psycho Circus tour. That's not even accounting for the merch.

Go ahead and wring our teats until they're wrinkled and sagging. Just stop saying KISS is for the fans. Just put on a good show. No bullshit like in 1986 when you blew a transformer at the Salt Palace in the middle of "Rock and Roll All Nite". Sure, Paul. You'll be back in five minutes. The roadie/tour manager/whoever you sent to do your dirty work sure didn't look like you. You fucking owe me, man. I don't care if you were playing the last song of the regular set. I worked fuckin' hard to buy my ticket, and on a normal night, there would have been half an hour more to your show, counting encores.

God, I didn't think I was so bitter. It's not like I'm not going to go and have a great fucking time. Shit, I'll probably cry when they leave the stage. Or at least during the Bach-less Skid Row's set. Or maybe during **Ted Nugent's** "I Love My Carnivorous, NRA, Republican Self" set.

Did I mention this all happens on the 27th at the E Center?

I'm going to bed.

Mike Reilly Band. 28th. Beatnik's. 31st. Dead Goat.

Rockapella. Who gives a shit.

John Brown's Body. Reggae/jam. 31st and the 1st. O'Shuck's.

April's shows: First and foremost, local artist/lunatic **Bob Moss** and his band, the **Luni Troupe**, are having a CD release party/April Fool's Festival (guess when) at Kilby Court. The disc is called *Clowns, Monkeys, and Aliens* and there will be art exhibited and performed. Should be a wacky time. 311 and **Jimmie's Chicken Shack** also on the first at Saltair, unconfirmed **Donnas** and **Smugglers** show at DV8 on the 1st, the **Nighthawks** at the Dead Goat on the 3rd, and the almighty **Reverend Horton Heat** with **Los Straitjackets** at DV8 on the 4th.

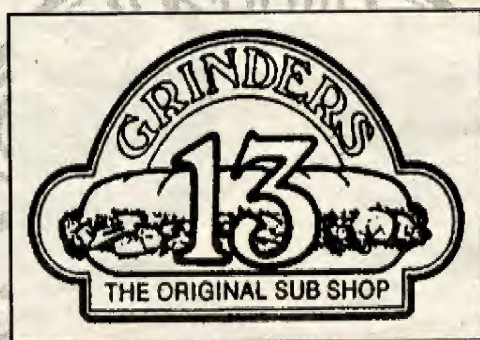
Next month: **Coal Chamber** with **Type O Negative**, the **Deadlights**, and **Full Devil Jacket**; the **Punk-o-Rama** tour, **Kelly Joe Phelps**.

Didn't I tell you to piss off?

—Poontang

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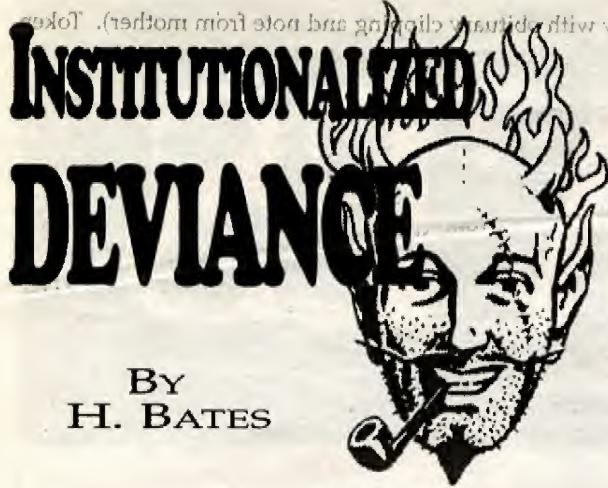


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INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE



BY
H. BATES

The freak show that we call the Utah State Legislature is back in session and, once again, they are up to no good. This time, they have turned their attention on Utah's teenage population in an apparent effort to keep them under-educated and under siege. For instance, sex education in Utah's public school systems has been a bit too randy for some of our state legislators. They feel that the current curriculum is too titillating and promotes sexual promiscuity among Utah's impressionable and, apparently, overly horny teenage population. In an effort to save our

youth from their own carnal desires, which obviously have been inflamed by this obscene material, a bill was advanced that would effectively remove the "sex" from sexual education in Utah. Imagine that, sex education only without the sex. That should work.

Meanwhile, another one of our elected officials was drafting another brilliant piece of legislation supposedly intended save Utah's teens from themselves while on the road by promoting the use of seatbelts. Because, God knows when they're not experimenting with sex they're driving around without their seatbelts on. The bill would allow police officers to pull over and ticket any teenage motorists they see not wearing a seat belt. It certainly wasn't designed to open a Pandora's box of civil rights violations by allowing cops to randomly pull over anyone they can claim they thought was a teenager not wearing a seat belt. I guess it's not profiling if it looks like you're trying to save young lives.

Ironically, their concern diminished greatly when it came time to pay for the education of these beloved young people. Rather than approve a record budget increase proposed by Governor Leavitt, they chose to trim it down to a point that the Utah Teacher's Association threatened to strike and teachers in the Granite School District actually walked out for a day. The reaction on Capitol Hill would have been comical had it not been so tragic. Some legislators were so upset that they actually threatened to fine any educators who walked out. Others merely claimed

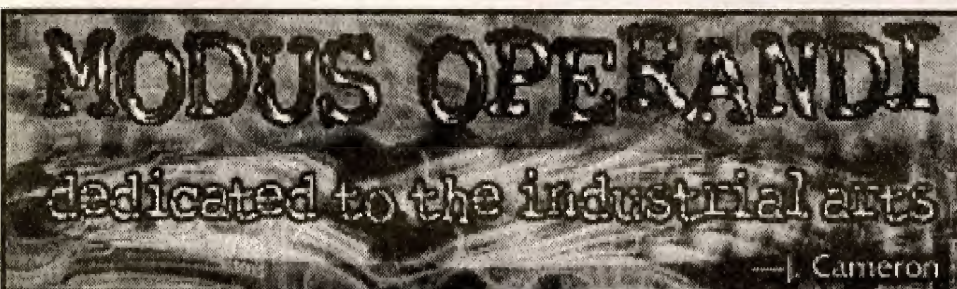
to not understand why the teachers were so upset. Conveniently ignored were the statistics showing that Utah consistently ranks among the lowest in the nation in educational funding. The fact educators in Utah are among the lowest paid in the nation and that the best are continuing to leave the state in search of better pay and smaller class sizes also seemed to escape them. Fortunately, overwhelming public support for the teachers jogged their memories just in time. Although it fell short of Governor Leavitt's original proposal, a budget compromise was reached, which averted a potentially ugly strike. While the budget guarantees legislators a much-needed raise, it remains to be seen is whether any of that money actually trickles down to students in the form of modern books, equipment, and supplies.

Their concern also diminished when confronted with legislation that would have banned firearms in Utah's public schools. Despite daily news of campus shootings around the country they felt that the right to bring a fire arm on school property superceded the right of a student to be educated in a gun free environment. Apparently the body count in Utah isn't high enough to do anything. Besides, those checks from the Utah Shooting Sports Association and the National Rifle Association sure do come in handy around election time. After all, it wouldn't be fair if the kids got all the money, now would it?

—H. Bates

MODUS OPERANDI

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Haujobb. Canceled. Fuck. Could somebody please drive a ten penny nail into my skull to complete this enlightening experience? The story I got from Metropolis is that they did not have the proper working papers to get across the border. Go figure. I'm still disgruntled. UPDATES from last month:

Last month's interview with Taime Downe of The Newlydeads covered the subject of Todd Miller (aka Toddity) separating from the group, however Taime has informed me that he is in fact back in the band.

I have always been a very big fan of Numb, so I was more than anxious to write about Don Gordon's new side project Halo_Gen. It was supposed to be released this past fall, but wasn't, as I had mentioned last month. I had no clue on a release date. Well, the news is in. April 18th on the Pendragon label.

Chemlab / Burn Out at the Hydrogen Bar / East Side Militia / Invisible Records

Reissued, remastered Chemlab. This is not a double set, I merely decided to review them both in one because these albums have been around for years, and there is not really much more to say about the previous material, besides that it's exceptional and I have a hard time keeping it out of my CD player. What is new about these releases are new liner notes from founder Jared The liner notes in "Burn Out..." go into the history of the band, and the chaotic lifestyle they led. The things they burned, the enemies they made, and the scars to prove it. East Side Militia goes more into the rumors revolving around Chemlab, and concepts behind some of the songs. If you've procrastinated until now to own these albums now is your chance to take advantage. The bonus tracks include remixes from Pig, HaloBlack, Mark Blasquez of Death Ride 69, and Martin Atkins.

Jared Louche & the Aliens / Covergirl Invisible Records

If you're a Chemlab fan that's been expecting a Chemlab sound from Jared Louche's new solo project, prepare for disappointment. Covergirl is all cover songs of Iggy Pop, Leonard Cohen, Frank Sinatra, and even Chemlab, plus a few more. What a concept. Jared Louche has turned "Suicide Jag" into a lounge song. I'm almost afraid to say that I think it turned out pretty cool. As a matter of fact, the entire album is good. Different, but good. When I saw that it was released on Invisible Records somehow I knew that it would be like this. Usually I'm reviewing albums of the industrial /electro/whatever

genre, and this album kind of is.. some programming and cool effects, but I wouldn't go as far as to put it in the industrial section of a CD store. The whole Chemlab stereotype is hyping this album up to be something that it isn't, and will never be.

[EOF] / Shitty Pre-Demo II

Salt Lake locals that have abandoned the insecurity that you need loads of equipment to make decent music. In fact, being limited in such a manner can only expand on creativity, can't it? From the sound of it [EOF] is heading in the right direction. The duo consists of founder Christian Fitzsimmons and a not so sane individual David Scheunemann (really, he's quite deranged). The CD has a lot of unique drum loops and string work, however, it remains unfinished (I hope so anyway. I listened to all 11 tracks consecutively and it only took me just over 22 minutes). I did get my hands on it a little early, meaning that nothing is consigned, you won't be able to pick it up anywhere for... hell, I don't know how long it's going to be. End of file.

Velvet Acid Christ

I had been talking back and forth via email to Bryan Erickson AKA Disease Factory for the past few months discussing band info and such. He is comfortable with a phone interview. "It's just more convenient email", he says. In a way, I guess it is. It allows more time for him to think through the questions and get points across in writing what you couldn't otherwise verbally. So, this is my first email interview, and I'm actually impressed with the results. Again, EMAIL interview (hence the :) smiley faces and some of the alternate spellings. Special thanks to Ema for helping me brainstorm questions. It worked out very well.

SLUG: How does one come up with a name like Velvet Acid Christ?

BRYAN: A head full of acid, synths, music, and nightmares. I came up with it on a bad LSD trip. SLUG: Is there a reason you strayed from a lot of the vocal ranges and overtones you used in your earlier work?

BRYAN: No. I just like to change. And not to mention it would be harder to sing the way I used to on a tour, I am all over the stage winded and thrashing frantically. It's hard to be untra harmonic and full of explosive energy on stage. And I would hate to just stand in one place and sing melodic like a lot of boring synth pop bands do these days. And I am more about anger, and

energy and depression rather than nice melodies. I think I write nice melodies in the music. I don't really need to have the music and my voice on the same page. And besides, I don't always sing through distortion, and people cannot tell. That is cool ya know, to sound that dirty without effects is nice. But I love effects, and I love distortion, and I could care less for those who say they don't like my vocals because of it, GO listen to synthpop then.

SLUG: How did you begin working with Josh Wilson and Chris Workman?

BRYAN: Josh is full of shit, he helped on 2 songs, and did very little, he did vox on one song. I hate him. He lies out his ass and that is why I don't work with him any longer. I gave him his trial and he failed. Chris and I seem to have a lot of problems, but we always come back to eachother. He very well could be my musical soul mate. Its a rocky ride tho. But Chris is very talented. Most everyone else i have worked with was not very talented, just full of shit and talk. Lisa was cool tho. I may still work with her in the future. A lot of people like to take credit for shit they didn't do. Chris and I seem to be the only honest people about it.

SLUG: When is the new album gonna be out?

BRYAN: Sometime in 2000. I am still working on it, and I am very impressed with the results thus far. Dark. Evil sounding.

SLUG: Do you have a title worked out for the new album?

BRYAN: Hmm. I have a few in my head, but I will let the music manifest itself a little more before I decide.

SLUG: Wanna mention any track names we can look forward to?

BRYAN: Asphixiate. Crypulse. Never Worship.. those are a few finished titles.

SLUG: Anna from Luxt did vocals on a track from the last album, are there going to be any guest appearances on the new album?

BRYAN: I like some of the music, but not really into the lyrics or vocals. I think I indeed have talent, it's just not in my taste. So the labels picked the songs :) SLUG: I noticed the thanks you to your mom in sleeve to "Fun With Knives". What does she think about your music and your openness about drug use?

BRYAN: She doesn't agree. But, I don't agree with her Christian lifestyle of hate either. But we love eachother. Why? Cause we are there for each other like family should be. Despite the image, I am not reckless. Nor do I abuse drugs. I use my head with them. I could not of done what I have in my life without the support of my mother. She is dear to me, and raised me on 2 jobs when I was young. I respect her so much.

SLUG: Where does the drive to make the kind of music you do come from?

BRYAN: Insecurity, hate. I had a hard time growing up. And I don't like the world too much. I don't like people too much. And I love art. Simple enough. I worked hard at it my whole life thus far. Started young. Never stopped.

SLUG: You always have a very wide range of influences listed in your CDs, but if you had to

limit it to, let's say 3 or 4, who would it be?

BRYAN: Meatbeat Manifesto (for rhythm), Skinny Puppy (for engineering and weirdness), Legendary Pink Dots (for music and melody), The Cure (for song writing and emotion), Juno Reactor (for mixing electro with tribal and making frantic kick ass tech music, pistelero WOW), Astral Projection (trance), Orbital (melodic goofiness). Okay.. There are just so many I love to death.

SLUG: Do you have any other drug influences besides LSD?

BRYAN: Well, tons now. I love euphoria. Lets just leave it at that. X/E.. I dig that too. Don't smoke weed anymore, sick of it, over kill. And LSD trips are far and few.

SLUG: When can we expect to see you touring the states?

BRYAN: Early fall.Maybe sooner, who knows.

SLUG: Have you toured the states before?

BRYAN: Nope.

SLUG: How do records sells and fans vary in America as opposed to Europe?

BRYAN: I think we sell a little more here, but both are growing!! It's about even really. Fans seem to be very cool in the more oppressive parts of Europe, the former socialist Germany, etc. They are really impressed more so than a lot of the other territories. Maybe its all new to them. And everyone else has heard it before :) Who knows. But in general, my fans are very cool. It seems a lot have the same problems growing up that I did. It's kind of strange. I try to talk with my fans.

SLUG: How did the whole Remix Wars deal come together with Funker Vogt?

BRYAN: Stefan Herwig set it up. It was fun. They did a great job. Still think "Tripping in Boot Camp" steals the whole CD tho. I love that.

SLUG: Were there any other Funker Vogt songs you wanted to remix that didn't make it?

BRYAN: The truth is that I don't even listen to a lot of the music, but I think I indeed have talent, it's just not in my taste. So the labels picked the songs :) SLUG: I noticed the thanks you to your mom in sleeve to "Fun With Knives". What does she think about your music and your openness about drug use?

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—J. "I think I have issues" Cameron



DWARVES



"You best recognize, this is the Dwarves slut! They'd fuck you up to get high. He who cannot be named is bringing the young girls and the free cocaine."

—The Dwarves

I don't know why **SLUG** would have called on me to do the interview. I knew what I was up against - **BLAG Dahlia!** I would bet they called on me 'cause their regular writers were too pussy to talk to such an uncompromising individual. I, on the other hand, just want to know how serious the **Dwarves** are, or is the vilest band in all the land getting soft.

Dwarves have been waiting and watching from afar! They stand ready to fight and fuck their way into the new millennium, as they release *Come Clean* unto the masses. Few bands come to mind that have ridden the wave so long. Even before the grungie explosion of Sub Pop, *Blood, Guts, and Pussy*, and *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* released in the early nineteen nineties, these devils had already paid all their dues and had the scars to prove it. **Dwarves** are bad! (As in not good.) They have made a name for themselves as being dirty and downright creepy. My big prick swells every time I even mention these derelicts. There is something to be said for 5 minute shows that end in a downpour of blood onto the audience. Last year I gave away **Dwarves** albums as Christmas gifts. Why? 'Cause you tards need the **Dwarves**.

This new album we are looking at the **Dwarves**, *Come Clean* is a nasty masterpiece. If you have heard **Dwarves** are young and good looking, you are almost on the level. *Come Clean* breathes nothing like past albums, *Horror Stories* or *Toolin for a Warm Tea Bag*. The **Dwarves** have accomplished what I'd say is a twelve-step program. Each album being as great and better than the previous. Still they do not wean from the diet of erotic filth and sickness that is the **Dwarves**. *Come Clean* punches and kicks you down. It's hard, loud, proud, and it's bad, as in it's so good you will accept the **Dwarves** as your personal lord and savior. Oh, like I mentioned before, I talked with **BLAG Dahlia**, the voice of this evil rock and roll band. Let me give you the scoop. We start with the formal "how ya doin" and "where are you's". He's in Oakland, I am at my house drinking Milwaukee's Best and trying hard not to act like a dork.

SLUG: Do you do many of these phone interviews?

BLAG: I do, I have been doing them all morning. It sucks,

but hey, there's harder ways to make a living.

SLUG: I guess man, you are doing it now, making cash money I mean.

BLAG: See what I mean?

SLUG: What did you do before rock and roll put you on easy street? Did you ever work construction, or at Burger King, or any shit like that?

BLAG: (Laughs) No, I've never been able to work successfully, but now I'm just not as broke anymore.

SLUG: I really like *Come Clean*, your new album, it rocks way hard.

BLAG: Well Cool, I'm glad you like it.

Right here inject one long, annoying pause. I haven't written for **SLUG** for about six years now. I think **BLAG** knew it, and also knew I had not prepared the obligatory questions. I was just chatting with him on the phone, trying to make it a good interview, neither humorous, nor appropriate.

BLAG: Where are you?

SLUG: Salt Lake City, Utah (I replied with some hesitation.)

BLAG: S.L.C.?

Dwarves have driven through our state of Deseret dreaming of corrupting and perverting every young lass in the state. These dreams are also having plural women please and service them.

SLUG: Your album covers have been quite offensive [i.e. *Blood, Guts, and Pussy*, and *Toolin for a Warm Tea Bag*, and *Come Clean* as well] the **Dwarves** trademark symbol would make everyone of the Twelve Apostles weep for your souls as they burn in the eternal fires of hell. What is your trademark called? The Skull with two Dicks?

BLAG: It's called the Skull and Boners.

SLUG: Now that you mention it, I think I knew that already. Duh! Do the **Dwarves** ever plan on coming to our all too sheltered city of Salt?

BLAG: Yeah, we want to come. We are going out on an Epitaph tour late spring, early summer. We have got this ultimate Utah album cover, it's got two girls and one guy.

SLUG: I know, it's great. I don't know why more people didn't pick up the Young and Good-looking album 'cause the skateboard chick was so great on the cover, ya know.

BLAG: That's what I thought

SLUG: Where do you get all of these women to take their

clothes off for you.

BLAG: Women love me, man.

SLUG: Yeah, I bet.

BLAG: They just have a natural trust of me

SLUG: I wish you were here with me, I live across the street from a private school.

BLAG: Wow!

SLUG: They have been out all morning. They must be going on some kind of field trip.

BLAG: Wow, non-Mormon girls?

SLUG: Yeah, non-Mormon, Catholic-type school girls.

BLAG: Wow!

SLUG: Where does the music and the tough-ass lyrics come from? And have you yourself signed a contract with Satan?

Blag: First, it's mostly sex and mass drug abuse, and well, you know.

SLUG: What about *The Crucifixion is Now* on the last album?

BLAG: That song is from the Bible.

SLUG: Of course, um... Who is paying for the phone call?

BLAG: The record company is paying for the phone call, they pay for the record, and they pay to send teenage girls to my house and massage me.

SLUG: Well, I probably got a couple of things to tell the people who read **SLUG**, they're only paying the forty bills to write this thing. So, ah, that's all the geeky questions for now.

BLAG: Cool.

SLUG: Is their any last thing you want to tell these Salt Lake Under Ground Readers?

BLAG: You tell the people of S.L.C. they desperately need the **Dwarves**!

SLUG: Fuck ya! They need it!

BLAG: We will be there to destroy their town very soon!

SLUG: Thanks for helpin' me earn a quick forty spot, hope to see you get your bitches, cocaine, and limousines very soon.

BLAG: Alright.

That was my phoner with a Dwarve. *Come Clean*, ladies and gentlemen. You know you want it, you need it, go get it. Come down to where the flavor is.

—Chopper

Okay, if I say the phrase, "straight-edge," what appears in your tiny, little head? Do you have visions of extremist animal liberators randomly stabbing and beating anyone who dares take a pull off their Budweiser? Do you imagine hordes of thin, bald youth flying out of darkly lit alleyways to smack the Camel out of your face? Good. That's what the media wants you to think. After all, without the occasional right or left wing group of militants, this world would be very boring indeed. Don't get me wrong, there are quite a few straight-edges who actually act out violently, but I guess that happens in every facet of society. It's too bad that they have to fuck up what was originally a positive message. God Bless angry mobs. Anyway, at the center of this journalistically induced paranoia lies a core of dedicated, honest people who live the straight-edge philosophy day to day. To these people there is no label, but there is a choice. They strive for individuality and freedom to decide for themselves. In order to obtain their goals



rap around here because of their portrayal in the media. It's kind of sad, because most of the kids that I looked up to growing up in Salt Lake City were straight-edge. At what point did this philosophy become a part of your life? DARYL: Probably, like, the mid-eighties, '86 or '87. I got really into it, and now being straight-edge is just a part of my life. It's not something that I really need to take pride in, or anything like that. It's just the way I live my life. I don't think about it ever, really. It's the way I live. It's pretty much the same way for the rest of the guys in our band. Everybody's straight-edge, more or less, and we don't sit around talking about who's straight-edge or not. We're comfortable with living our lives the way we do. SLUG: Let's talk about CEdesigns for Automotion, your new album. What is the significance of the name? DARYL: Well, Designs for Automotion, the title, is really about activating the dreams or goals you have inside of you. It's about getting your life moving, you know? A lot of us settle for pretty dull

Snapcase

they abstain from substances that they believe impurify the human spirit. Sounds like a good way to be, right? For some, it is. Unfortunately, history has taught us that when you add the human elements of intolerance and hostility to any philosophy, it will destroy itself. What is my point? Think for yourself, and treat others with tolerance. They'll come around, only if the example you give them is genuine. If you have a valid opinion, there shouldn't be a need for violence. Sorry, I sound like I should be dancing around the drum circle at Liberty Park. I'll get off of my soapbox, and let you know about Snapcase.

My interview with Daryl from Snapcase was a good example of honesty, openness, and sincerity. He doesn't wear what he believes on his sleeve, but radiates it from within. He had some interesting things to say about his music, his life, and his belief system. Even if you're not a Cstraight-edger, this is a person to listen to, because he has a common sense that is hard to find. He was very articulate, and his ideas made a lot of sense. So, without further ado, here's the interview:

SLUG: Where did Snapcase originate?

DARYL: Well, we're from Buffalo, New York. Each of us was playing within different bands within the Buffalo, hardcore/punk scene, and we basically met each other that way. Our bands played together, and eventually, we all ended up in the same group.

SLUG: What year was that?

DARYL: Around 1990-91.

SLUG: I remember that I had a friend who listened to your music and that's how I became familiar with you. I thought your music kicked ass.

DARYL: That's cool.

SLUG: As it pertains to you, what is the state of New York hardcore today? Do you think that it's still as vital as it was a few years ago?

DARYL: Well, Buffalo is about six hours away from New York City, so we're not really a part of the CENew York Hardcore, scene, but the whole northeast is really strong right now as far as hardcore. There are lots of bands from Buffalo, like us, and Buried Alive. Boston has tons of bands right now. There's Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, D.C., you know, and all of those places make a really strong northeastern scene.

SLUG: It seems like unity is very real back East. Here you have trouble getting two bands from the same city to like each other; much less support one another.

DARYL: Yeah, people are a lot more open minded here [in New York]. I couldn't really put a label on the scene here. You have kids who listen to punk, hardcore, and they're straight-edge. It doesn't matter who their friends are, there is no real line between punks and straight-edge, or whatever. It's a really open minded scene.

SLUG: Cool. I know the straight-edge kids get a bad

lives, and we need to chase after those dreams that challenge or scare

us. We need to realize that we can have a lot fuller existence if we actually do something about our dreams instead of sitting around thinking about them.

SLUG: What do you think of people who misconstrue your message to mean that they should victimize people who don't share the same belief system? Salt Lake straight-edges aren't exactly known for their gentle and tolerant ways.

DARYL: The last couple of times we were in Salt Lake the shows were really good. There was a real positive feel, and there really wasn't any trouble. The problem didn't seem too evident to me the last time we were there, but I don't know. In general, Snapcase is all about being an individual, and being strong on your own. It's about not succumbing to peer pressure, and basically doing things because they feel right to you. We're trying to live

a more open-minded and tolerant life, and trying to better understand people.

SLUG: Right on. There are some people who have a really strange point of view about the way to live. I can't understand why some people can't find a middle ground, man, it always seems to be one extreme or another.

DARYL: I don't know. With anything you get into there is going to be different extremes. People determine things differently, so you never know how a message is going to affect someone. I think there is a time, and a place, for extremism. It depends upon your intentions, you know? I think some people get into things like that because they like violence, not necessarily because they're trying to do something positive. They don't care about a cause. But, if the intentions are good, and you don't intend to harm people in the process, then there is definitely a place for extreme activism. Sometimes stuff like that needs to be done. It's a very vague question, I couldn't possibly give you all the answers.

SLUG: Right. When is the next time you'll come through Salt Lake?

DARYL: Well, we're touring on and off right now. Our summer plans are to do the Warped Tour this year.

SLUG: That passes through Salt Lake every year, cool. Well, that's my last question, thanks for doing this interview, and I'll see you this summer.

DARYL: Thank you.

There you have it. Simple and to the point. Look for Snapcase this summer on the Warped Tour, and until then remember the words of Keith Morris...Stay Calm, Stay Cool, Eat your Vegetables.

—Jeremy Cardenas



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HELLO \$10. GOODBYE BRAIN.

Alexander Hamilton or two Thomas Jeffersons. One thousand pennies or two hundred nickels. It all boils down to one ten dollar bill. eBay, the internet auction house, will not allow you to sell any body part on their website. This could be because selling a kidney could be deemed as morally wrong. Or it could be because if one eBay customer lost their life while donating a kidney that could look bad demographically. "eBay. One billion customers. And one dead guy trying to make a buck off his kidney." eBay's stock would plummet. And worse yet, one dead customer is one less person double clicking and bidding on Mickey Mouse paraphernalia.

Question? If an internet company knows not to sell body parts, then why don't I? Last week, I lost my brain to science for \$10.

The sign made it seem simple. The university was conducting experiments and they needed participants that could speak English, "Sl." Possess a good memory, I know my phone, PIN, and Social Security number (Tangent about the PIN number: Why is it called a PIN number? That's a stutter. And a stop. Break down the acronym. P=personal. I=identification. N=number. If you say PIN number, then you're actually saying "Personal Identification Number number." That's number squared. Stop doing this, it drives me crazy. For your FYI, so ends the PIN number tangent). And, the sign said, if you could read, write, and have a good memory, you could get \$10. Knowing I could do all three of those things, and chew gum to boot, I made the \$10 call to financial freedom.

Here's another tangent: as a rule, I don't like people messing with my head. The person on the other end of the research clinic phone wasn't chatty. She made the appointment, gave me the room number (626) and directions to their clinic. "Be there at one p.m.," was all she said. She wouldn't tell me what the research was based on, so I knew to be on guard.

If I haven't stated it already, and I honestly feel I don't need to point out the obvious, but I'm no dummy. These psycho-analytical bookworms are all the same. They try and make you think one thing, but they're really studying the other. Not only do I know my P.I. Number, but I also had the number of these Freudian Freaks that wanted to biopsy my brain for 10 big ones. A memory test, they said, but in reality, what would they really be testing?

At one o'clock, sharper than the tack that nailed Jesus to the Cross, I showed up at room 626. And the door was locked.

Let the games begin.

A memory test? More like, crackerjack psychology. This test was simply "What will someone do if we give them the wrong room number?" Are women more apt to ask for directions? Will a man try to beat the door down? I was the mouse in the maze. And my cheese was the promised ten dollar bill.

Not wanting to disappoint these elementary head shrinks, I explored my environs. The room next to 626, that would be room 626a, had the classic mirror on the wall that was obviously a two-way mirror. Microphones hung from the ceiling. Either this was the room where "Behind the Green Door" was filmed, or I was being watched.

I walked up to the mirror, and waved. I wanted to let Psych 101 know the jig was up. Nobody came out from Behind the Two way Mirror. "Marilyn Chambers. Come out. Come out. Where ever you are."

If room 626a was where they wanted me to be, I didn't want to be there. I noticed room 628 had a sign that said, "If you're here for the test, come in and take a seat. We'll be right with you." The sign might as well of read, "Hi! We're from the University and we're testing to see if you have one brain cell in your head."

Obviously, the memory test was "How many people will question their own memory and go into room 628?" As I began to figure all this out, I could actually feel my I.Q. quotient rising exponentially.

I went back into room 626a, the room with the two way mirror. I was able to hug the wall so the people behind the mirror didn't know I was in the room. Then, I leaped in front of the mirror, no doubt, I thought, causing coffee mugs and bowels to spill in their little safety research cocoon. Still, the mirror only reflected what I refracted. Nobody came out. Sometimes; Mr. Freud, is a mirror just a mirror? People were walking in the hallways. The researchers, of course, posing as professors or students on their way to class, but now I was ready to play into their hand. Looking at my watch, I saw it was 1:15 p.m. It was time I asked for directions. Atypical male. But I wanted my \$10.

Tangent: When you're this much smarter than your researchers, do you skew the final test results? I walked into an office, ROOM 629 MIND

YOU, and told them I was in the middle of a research project, and I was ready to collect my money.

"Are you Phil?" The lady asked. "Are you in on this?" I asked. "This is my project," she said. "This is my brain on your project," I replied. "You're 15 minutes late," she said, looking at her watch. I said, "You said, room 626 on the phone."

"I meant to say room 629. Are you ready to be tested?" She said. The "actual" test: They wanted me to tell them a secret. Something that had happened to me, that I had never shared, with anyone. "Do you really think you can buy my secret for \$10?" I said.

She said, "Plus \$2 for parking."

I said, "Once, a prostitute stole my wallet!"

—Phil Jacobsen

sometimes you just need a hug

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blackout records goes to 10

I'd like to start this article off by thanking Bill Wilson at Blackout! For sending me a great cross-section of CDs from which to choose. I got to listen to the latest installment the Punk Rock Jukebox series, and some good new stuff from Samiam and the Kowalskis. If you are a fan of the New York Hard-core scene, (or in the case of the Punk Rock Jukebox series, a punk fan) then check out some of the releases on this label. I haven't heard one bad album yet, and that's saying a lot.

Blackout! Records was started in 1988 by Bill Wilson. His intentions were to make albums for his friends in the NYC scene at that time. He started his mission with only \$3000, and the conviction to get the job done. The first Blackout release was in 1989, a vinyl compilation album called, *where the Wild Things Are...* This album had cuts from some of Hard-core biggest names at the time including: Outburst, Killing Time, Sheer Terror, Breakdown, Life's Blood, and the Gorilla Biscuits. Bill sold the majority of these records at shows from the back of his car.

Blackout continued to grow over the course of the next few years. Releasing EP's and albums by local punk and hard-core bands like, Uppercut, Out crowd, Killing Time, Fur, The Goops, and Sheer Terror. At one point there was a short lived offshoot of Blackout called *Engine Records* that released albums by, Guided by Voices, New Bomb Turks, and Dead guys infamous *work Ethic* album.

In 1995, Blackout released the now classic debut album by H20. This brought a new era of New York hard-core to life, and regenerated Blackout! Quickly becoming a nationwide classic, H20's energetic punk-influenced hard-core reintroduced the fact that hard-core and punk were not as mutually exclusive as some would have you believe. This release was followed by other hard-core records including legendary NYHC band Killing Time's final album, (*The Method*) and the debut album (*No Regrets*) from Oakland's own Powerhouse. Tim Shaw, (Ensign) engineered the *Our Own Way* compilation that featured tracks from great new bands (Kill Your Idols) alongside scene veterans like Agnostic Front.

In 1998, Blackout released the posthumous second album from Berkeley's Redemption 87. Considered by many to be the band that brought it back to the West Coast, *All Guns Poolside* is yet another strong hard-core release. Also, in late '98, Blackout signed Kill Your Idols, New York's best new hard-core band.

Here in the year 2000, the label has just released the second volume in the Punk Rock Jukebox series. *PRJB II* features current top bands, and some classic ones, covering punk tunes that influenced their sound. *PRJB II* features: Samiam, Bouncing Souls, Dropkick Murphy's (w/ Lars Friedrichsen on guest vocals, Anti-Flag, The Enkindels, and more. If you want more information on Blackout Records check out their web site: www.blackoutrecords.com, and see what they have got for you. Later.

—Jeremy Cardenas

pussy

a short story

—j.d. zeigler

PART TWO

The next day Sam loaded up his Polaroid, set it down on his drawing board, and moved the cushion to an enticing sunlit spot in his line of sight. But, as if it knew something was up, the cat avoided the studio all morning. By noon, Sam was convinced Caitlin was right. Maybe he needed glasses. By three, he was absorbed in his work, penciling in the panels of his comic book. The job demanded a lot of concentration and he forgot about the cat.

When he did glance up at last, the cat was back on its cushion. And damn, if it wasn't levitating again! Sam grabbed the camera and stealthily lay down near the cat. From this position he could see that his eyes were A-OK. The animal definitely wasn't touching the cushion. Sam held his breath and pushed the shutter. There was a loud whir and a flash of light. The startled cat leapt halfway to the ceiling, then landed on Sam, sinking its claws into his back, using him as a springboard to zoom out of the studio. Heedless of his wounds, Sam pulled the photo out of its slot, and watched as an image materialized on the paper.

Once the photo had finished developing, Sam held in his hand an out-of-focus picture of a cat, which might or might not be levitating. The shot failed to show the small space between the animal and the cushion. But the perspective was askew. Optimistically, Sam hoped that would be enough to prove the cat could levitate. Less

optimistically, he decided against showing the photo to Caitlin. He didn't want to see that worried look on her face again. Instead, he made plans to show it to Jason and Bob, two of his former drinking buddies.

On Friday, Sam, steeling himself with iron resolve, managed to resist Caitlin's many charms. For the first time in months, he left to meet his friends at Burt's. When he arrived, he was gratified to find the place hadn't changed a bit. It was still crowded and smoky, the dust on the giant plastic Tiki god that adorned the bar still thick. But Sam had changed. Walking into a bar alone was an unexpectedly heady feeling, like playing hooky. He wished Caitlin was there to share it with him, even though, paradoxically, she was the one he was truant from.

"Sammy! How'd you get those apron strings untied?" called Jason from a pool table in the back. He and Bob waved hello with their cue sticks. Sam just smiled at the insult. Those jerks, how he'd missed them! Grabbing a couple of pitchers of beer, he made his way through the crowded room to them.

"Hey, you only wish you had some apron strings of your own!" he replied jovially. Boy, it was good to see these guys again! The three men quickly emptied a pitcher toasting their reunion. Then, just for old time's sake, they drank two more pitchers in rapid succession.

They'd polished off nearly half a keg before Sam worked up enough courage to bring out the Polaroid photo. Jason and Bob squinted at it for a few minutes, turning it this way and that as if trying to see underneath the cat.

"You know, dude," said Jason at last, "You should get out more. Caitlin's a great girl and bitchin' gorgeous to boot. You're a lucky guy, but you have to come up for air once in a while." He waved the snapshot at Sam, who snatched it from him.

"This isn't about Caitlin," Sam said. "Can't you see the cat's levitating?"

Bob and Jason exchanged glances. Then they looked at Sam with the same look that had been on Caitlin's face the night before. Sam didn't want them suggesting that he seek medical help, so he let the matter drop. "Think the Jazz will take it to the playoffs this year?" he asked, abruptly changing the subject.

Later that night, as he was leaving Burt's, Sam got an inspiration when he spied the latest issue of Salt Lake City's New Age magazine, *The Catalyst*, lying on the bar. If there were anybody who could confirm the cat's power of levitation, they would be listed in the magazine's "Holistic Medicine and Alternative Spirituality" section. He picked up the copy and took it home with him.

The next morning Sam had a positively nuclear hangover. He hadn't drunk so much in months. He was way out of practice. Caitlin was sympathetic, but not to the point where she was willing to let him renege on a previous promise to go shopping with her that afternoon. She wasn't the kind of person who forgot promises, as Sam well knew.

Her sweetly persuasive kiss still wet on his lips, he decided to go back to bed for a few hours before the inevitable. With *The Catalyst* tucked under his arm, a cup of black coffee in one hand, and five Tylenol's in the pocket of his bathrobe, he made his way upstairs, and a perilous journey it was. The cat, on its way down, became entangled in the wide legs of Sam's pajamas, and Sam nearly fell head over heels. None too gently, he gave the murderous animal a vigorous boost in its original direction with his foot, and got a sharp nip on one ankle as punishment.

After gaining the safety of the bedroom, Sam washed down the pills with the coffee and climbed into bed. The muted roar of the vacuum cleaner drifted up from the first floor as Caitlin lovingly cleaned her little dream house. Sam hoped the cat was scared shitless by the noise. Then, taking advantage of the relative quiet of his upstairs sanctuary, he opened *The Catalyst*. He wasn't sure what he was looking for, but he was confident he would know it when he saw it.

Half an hour later, Sam's headache was gone, but he was lost in a newsprint jungle of Reiki Masters, Gurus, Homeopathic Chiropractors, Past Life Therapists, and other purveyors of snake oil. One ad in particular stood out. It was a half-page spread for a character billing himself as, "Wind Cougar, Shaman for the New Millennium". Con artist for the New Millennium was more like it in Sam's opinion. There was a photo of a pasty-faced white guy dressed like a Cigar Store Indian. Fine print at the bottom of the page noted Wind Cougar accepted all credit cards, and that his fee was negotiable. Disgusted, Sam turned the page and found what he was looking for.

This was more like it, he thought as he read the ad for Dr. Marcia Bettinoir, D. V. M., specialist in animal psychology. She was perfect. She had a medical degree, yet believed she could talk to the animals like Dr. Doolittle. Sam crept to his studio where he made a surreptitious phone call to the

good doctor. Luckily her clinic kept Saturday office hours, and he was able to make an appointment for Monday. Then, feeling like his old self again, he went downstairs to see if Caitlin was in the mood for a quickie.

Monday morning found Sam sitting in Dr. Bettinoir's office. The picture of the cat lay between them on her desk. The puzzled vet turned it this way and that, as if a different angle might let her see under the animal. There was an all too familiar expression on her face. Finally she handed the photo back to Sam, saying, "Mr. Davidson, I don't see anything remarkable about this photograph or your cat. Perhaps if you'd brought the cat with you, I could say more. But, to tell you the truth, I think you should contact a psychotherapist if you see it levitate again." Then she stood up, indicating she'd given Sam enough of her time. "Please pay the receptionist on your way out," she reminded him as he left.

Fifty dollars poorer than he'd been an hour before, Sam left the clinic and walked down the block to The Coffee Garden, hoping that a cappuccino might assuage his disappointment. While he waited in line, he wondered why the vet couldn't see that the cat wasn't on the cushion, but above it. Did a certain altitude have to be achieved before it was considered levitation? Did he have to get in touch with NASA? Not that he had any other idea where else he could go for help. He didn't feature wasting any more of his time, money, or dignity only to be scoffed at again.

If only the cat was a normal tabby, instead of a malign beast with a knack for magic tricks, he thought, then he wouldn't be on this wild goose chase. It was keeping him from his work and making Caitlin worry. Sam knew he should stop obsessing about the cat before things got out of hand and he ended up shelling out even more money for therapy sessions. Still, he knew what he'd seen.

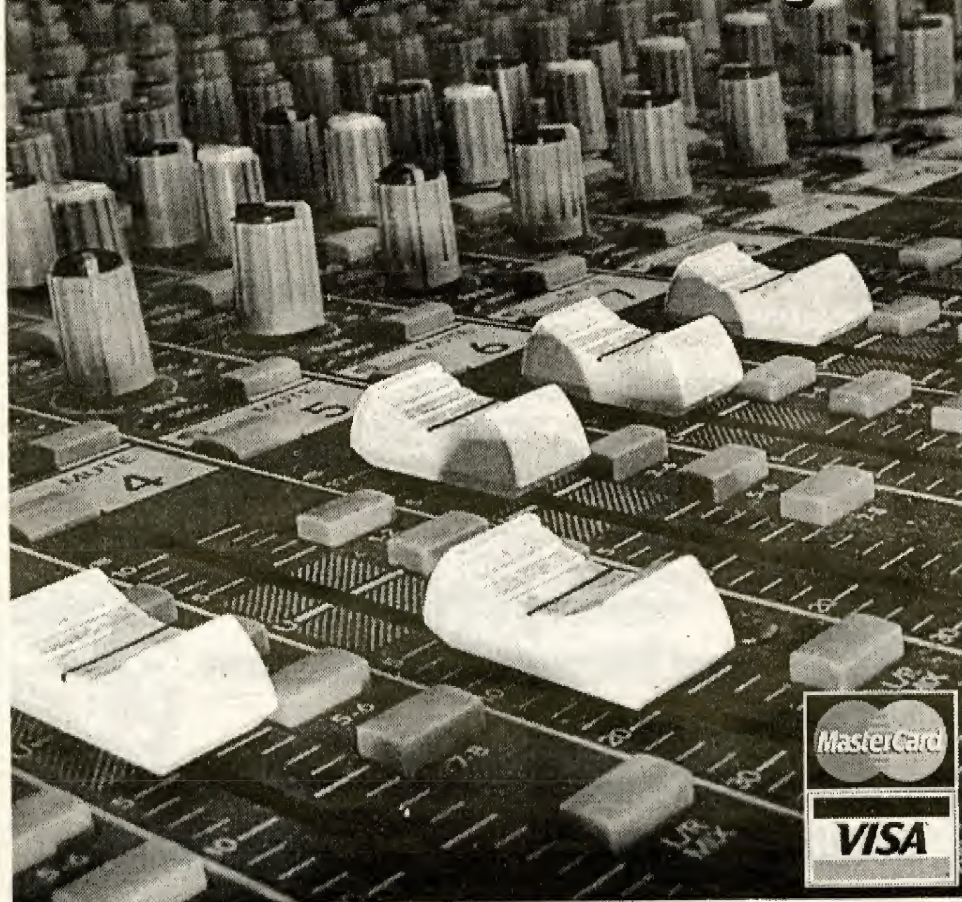
To get his mind off his dilemma, he scanned the notices tacked to a neighborhood bulletin board. There were many posters for ski swaps. An index card announced that a band needed a drummer. There was even a flyer for a lost cat. Unfortunately the cat was a cute white kitten, not a big pug-ugly tom. Then another poster caught Sam's eye. It was for that mountebank, Wind Cougar. His blue-eyed mug, framed by a gaudy imitation Sioux war bonnet, hovered above a long list of his psychic skills.

According to the list, Wind Cougar, in addition to being an Authenticated Shaman, was a channeler, chi-gong master, tarot card reader, medium, feng shui expert, holistic chiroprapist, exorcist, intuitive herbalist, and wherpuma. The last attribute caught Sam's attention. Must be where Wind Cougar got his name, he surmised. The loony believed he had a literal connection to cats. Ha! He'd change his tune, thought Sam, if he ever connected with the cat that was cursing my life! Remove that curse chump!

"Wait a minute," said a desperate voice in the back of Sam's mind. "The guy's worth a try. He thinks he's on the same wavelength as cats and believes in every psychic trick that comes down the pike. He'll be open to a levitating tomcat." At least he wouldn't have a preconceived opinion, agreed a more rational part of Sam's brain. An authenticated Shaman wouldn't charge fifty bucks then tell him he was nuts. Impulsively, Sam tore the poster down and left to make a phone call.

continued next month...

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For well over 20 years now Gothic Rock has been the bastard child of the music industry. No one wants to acknowledge it, but still it's there, growing, and shows no signs of going away. Many consider the glory days of gothic rock to be long gone, thinking that they ended with the 1980's. However, the genre has continued to thrive and re-invented itself continually. Of the goth greats who survived the 80's and have continued making music, few have managed to retain the power of their original incarnations and became mere shadows of their former glories. This is not true of Clan of Xymox. They are perhaps the one band that has not only stayed true to their vision but emerged in the late 90's more powerful than ever before, and dare I say it, even more gothic than they had ever been. For some artists, being tagged with this particular label is akin to a musical scarlet letter, but for Ronnie Moorings, The founding member and leader of the clan, there is no shame in being openly Gothic. "Nothing bothers me," he says "I think these descriptions have a heavier meaning in America than in Europe (Moorings is a native of an unspecified European Country and currently resides in Amsterdam). In Europe the term Gothic is generally still used over here to describe some sort of dark music. In America it seems people want to avoid it. I don't know why people are so scared of that word. If people want to call our music Gothic, it's okay with me, but it's not what I would call it, to me it's just darker music. But I don't care what people call it. It's in the eye of the beholder really."

While Xymox may have flirted with trendy euro-dance styles in the early 90's on albums such as Phoenix and Head Clouds, 1997 saw Clan of Xymox release the album *HIDDEN FACES* which brought them back to their rainy day roots in glorious style. It was not a mere attempt to cash in on past glories nor was it a simple "comeback" album. "I think I'm even more passionate about things now than I was in the 80's. It's more clear now what I want to do whereas 10 years ago I didn't quite know what I wanted to do I was drifting into all sorts of areas I wasn't very satisfied with where I was standing in life. Hidden faces was a bit of a reversal or connection with the older stuff I did, instead of being like the two dance albums, which I refer to as my "London" years. When they were released it was sort of a different approach from what I had previously done. Hidden faces was another approach, it had 4 to 5 different styles on the album like ambient or dark pop or more industrial songs, which had a very 90's feel to it but was closer to the 4AD days."

4AD was the record label where Xymox began to shape it's sound. In the early days 4AD was also the home to an incredible star-studded lineup which included such legendary acts as Bauhaus, The Cocteau Twins and Dead can Dance. With such a roster many regard this period as a kind of Golden age in alternative music. However Moorings does not see it as such. "You don't have to romanticize it," Moorings continues, "Of course we had contact with the other bands, just like we have contact with bands now. It was just that many of those bands then grew to later be very big, but at the time we were all just very small fish in the pond, so no one saw that period as something unique or extravagant, it didn't feel that special, just colleagues doing music and sharing life's philosophies." It's unfortunate that some fans can't let go of the 4AD and regard Xymox's return as a kind of nostalgia

act. Ronnie's experiences after nearly 3 years of rigorous touring have shown him that Xymox doesn't just draw former fans looking for a trip down memory lane. "Our audiences have been a good mix of the old and the new. Of course we've always had our die hard fans who buy everything released and re-released, but with every release we find we get new fans, we get new fans every day when hear our records, I mean it's not being played every day on M-TV, so it's a more gradual process. They do seem to be the same sort of public as in the past, the sort of people you find in more alternative clubs, but the age group seems to be the same as it was years ago but they are mostly discovering us for the first time. It's most of the time young people, but we still draw a lot of the older people who knew us from say, '85, if they still go out"

Not only has Xymox encountered a wide variety of age groups on their recent tours but also a lot of different kinds of audience responses "It depends on where you go really. The more south you go more passionate they are. My favorite audiences are the South American audiences because they go wild. When we've played it's been as if they'd seen the Beatles for the first Time. If you ever want to get the full experience of being a "rock star" you have to go to South America because they let themselves go completely. Maybe it has to do with the fact that not many bands play in those countries. You don't really see that kind of response in Europe or America and it may be because when people have the opportunity to see so many bands they just don't respond like that anymore. We do tend to get a better response in Europe than America. In Europe bands like us and other bands are more appreciated. We tend to draw large crowds so it's always very good when we play here. I think Europeans have a different approach to music than Americans. America is still very dominated by Rock and roll everything based on that is still in the psyche of most Americans. Europeans tend to be open to more different styles of music. Europe seems to be more diverse. Each country has it's own folklore so there are many many types of influences that are not as general as in America."

After The extensive touring that followed the release of Hidden faces, in 1999 Xymox released the album which not only continued in Xymox's Gothic re-discovery, but may very well surpass everything else they have previously done. *Creatures* is arguably the best, and certainly the most overtly Gothic album Xymox has done. It clearly demonstrates that Xymox may well be the band to take the whole genre to new levels in the 21st century. With songs

like the instant goth dance floor hit, "Jasmine and Rose", we see a blend of a more familiar goth structure with contemporary flair which creates a sound that is quite distinct and exciting. The trend of the late 90's for gothic music has been to move away from the more traditional guitar/punk driven styles to a more electronic/keyboard foundation. Ronnie is widely known for his guitar playing but has always been an advocate of the guitar and keyboard combination, is quite enthusiastic about the new music technologies and uses them extensively in the creation of Xymox's music. "I do all the writing and recording myself. Writing, recording and performing in the studio. I work with my computer, guitar and keyboards, loads and loads of keyboards. I don't have a specific instrument I prefer or work with first. It just depends. Most of the time I'll load up sounds from the sampler and I let the sounds inspire me and push me into a direction or off into an atmosphere and mood and that's where I pick up with the song. I think the driving force of making music has been with me all my life. It's more like a lifestyle. It's a necessity of my life that became my lifestyle and the way I've lived my life for the past 15 years." It has clearly been time well spent. The influence of Clan of Xymox is undeniable and far reaching. Ronnie's own attitude regarding his music's impact is quite humble and is pleasantly indicative that he is an artist more truly dedicated to his art than rock star ego. "You get to hear sometimes that people give us CDs and they say you were or are a sort of an influence on the writing and music and it's great when they think that or say that. And when people give me CDs, I always listen to them and you can sometimes hear that certain bits sound familiar, but I mean it's great if bands have us as a role model it means it's been appreciated. "Ronnie is currently taking a short break from the greuling touring schedule he's followed since 1997. He will not be long idle, however. "After a relaxing period I'll start on writing new songs, and install new programs on my computer and do all that boring stuff to make everything work. When the songs are finished, we'll pick up some touring and see how it goes. I don't really make plans that far ahead because there's no point in doing that. The line-up of Xymox has never been stable and it will never be stable. I think it's because we do a lot of things, a lot of touring and it's very hard for people sometimes to follow that rythm if you're not used to it. Once in a while people fall off because they want to stay home and do other things. The Clan of Xymox thing is for me and Mojca(?) and that's it. Of course we have a band together but you can never guarantee how long they will stay together and I don't ask for guarantees how long people stay with the band. They can stay for twenty years if they like, but it's whatever they want. But it's very demanding to play live and live up to that lifestyle." Ronnie Moorings has certainly lived up to that lifestyle. One gets the impression that he is a man who very dedicated to his vision and will clearly follow the vision of Clan of Xymox wherever it takes him, be it the paths of gothy gloom and doom or more upbeat dance directions. The clan of Xymox are survivors and it is clear, that after 15 years, there is still so much more to come.

—Kevin Reece

*"And if I die before I wake up,
I pray the Lord don't smudge my make-up"*
—Marc Almond, Saint Judy

Liberty and Justice for (almost) All



After hundreds of years, the battle for racial equality within the United States appears to finally be rounding that last corner and pulling out onto the homestretch. Similarly the Feminist movement has been long in the works and the slow cracking of America's "glass ceiling" is just now indicating the approaching realization of sexual equality. Through these efforts America appeared to be on the verge of living up to it's testament of "liberty and justice for all." Yes it seemed that discrimination, the "red-headed stepchild" of Uncle Sam's past, had finally been stowed away in the closet where we wouldn't have to think about it anymore. However, that closet has recently burst back open and throngs of homosexual men and women have stepped out and into the public eye. Low and behold, riding high on this wave of gay pride is that

simple idea has not been grasped by the people who have sided with prejudice and discrimination. Nobel Prize recipient F. A. Hayek emphasized, "a society that does not recognize that each individual has values of his own which he is entitled to follow can have no respect for the dignity of the individual and cannot really know freedom." For if a person is not allowed to live by their own values then how can they possibly be considered free? And if there are law-abiding citizens who aren't allowed to be free, how can America be thought of as a "free country?" Surely this simple deduction wouldn't be lost on all of those people fighting to ban homosexual marriage. If those individuals would simply step forward and admit that they would like to live in a country with a set

same "red-headed stepchild" that Uncle Sam had been forcing out of public view for so long. The demands are the same on both sides, one requesting equality, and the other valiantly striving to preserve tradition and insert its moral landscape in the place of justice.

Our country was built on the idea that people should be allowed to live freely and peacefully within a society that would respect and protect each citizen's right to exist as such. By definition freedom means "the freedom to be different," however that

moral standard, to which everyone was subject, I would be the first to celebrate their escape from the world of hypocrisy. I'd also be happy to point them toward Singapore, Iran or any other country that might fit their moral code, and would quickly reprimand any deviation from their stringent political ideology. You see that isn't freedom, but it is consistent with some people's deep-rooted need to impose their view of the world on everyone around them.

Such is the case with the modern legal battle over homosexual individuals' right to marry. What gay people stand to gain is obvious, the right to have their relationships recognized as equal before our nation and its citizens. What these "protection of the family" people stand to lose is far more difficult to deduce. They lose the ability to repress this cross-section of the population, surely they would be disappointed about that. Prejudice has been quickly going out of vogue since the Civil Rights movement in the 1960's, so I guess these people are just fighting to keep the last remaining "discrimination options" open. The gay marriage issue is very reminiscent of the battle over interracial marriage, which culminated in 1967 with *Loving v. Virginia*. People fought like hell back then to keep our nation from validating marriages between black and white individuals. Today the idea of banning interracial marriages is ludicrous and painfully racist. Yet people still refuse to see how California's Proposition 22, and the similar efforts in other states, are nothing more than a modern day version of the same fight against equality.

On March 7th California residents will vote on Proposition 22, or Protection of Marriage Initiative as it is affectionately called. This Proposition reads simply "Only marriage between a man and a woman is valid or recognized in California."

Oddly the campaign's homepage (www.protectmarriage.com) claims that "[Proposition 22] does not take away anyone's rights or attack any group of people or their family." The glaring contradiction is impossible to ignore, and it almost make's one wonder if Proposition 22 supporters can be so blind as to buy that. I tend to think that most supporters are well aware that all of their work is nothing more than an effort to perpetuate discrimination of gay individuals. Years from now people will look back and be aghast that such blatant prejudice existed in the courtrooms and state capitals of the United States in the year 2000. They will be shocked that so many people stood by, as they always have, and did nothing because they themselves weren't gay. Is it the issue of homophobia that keeps so many heterosexual people on the sidelines in this battle for equality? Abraham Lincoln sure as hell wasn't black, but he managed to make great changes for black people in America because he refused to stand by and watch the "tradition" of slavery perpetuate its self. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "History will have to record that the greatest tragedy of this period of social transition was not the strident clamor of the bad people, but the appalling silence of the good people."

—Big Daddy



follows in the same classic style of Zeke's past records "Kicked in the Teeth" and "Flat Tracker", which bring tears to my eyes every time I spin the discs in my player. Zeke fans, die-hard to the core, are already foaming at the mouth, ready to storm the records stores when this disc hits the streets on February twenty-second. Those not yet initiated to the fury and the destruction, buy this disc now!! Turn off the MXPX record, ya pansies, and go down to The Heavy Metal Shop and buy every Zeke record you can get your hands on!!! Go!!! That's a fucking order!!

—Kevlar7

Various Artists Punk Rock Jukebox 1&2

Blackout Records

Being in a punk rock band, I have a certain appreciation for covering old school punk tunes. The old songs are the rock and foundation from which you get your identity. I mean, what punk hasn't heard search and Destroy by the Stooges and not wanted to make noise like that? The Punk Rock Jukebox series from Blackout gives new punk bands a chance to test their mettle against some of the baddest old school dirge. Listening to this album reminded me of sitting in my basement sharing one beer amongst five friends, and listening to the Circle Jerks sing about how "Wonderful" everything was. Cool records. Check them out, I'm sure there is something for everyone.

—Jeremy Cardenas

N.Y.C. 1976-1980 / Come On Heliocentric CD

Okay, I am a big fan of CBGB and Max's Kansas City era punk. It always piques my interest to see and hear bands that may not have been discovered at that time. I lean more toward the Ramones and the Johnny Thunders style stuff, but I'll give anything a chance. Anyway, I got this CD by Come On, and I was thoroughly optimistic. The cover and inlay artwork didn't really give me any impression of the music I was putting in the trusty CD player. Come on is a simple, pop-sounding band with definite overtones of David Byrne influence. The one really distinguishing thing about this album is the quirky guitar stylings of Elena Glasberg. This sounds like the album Talking Heads made, but never talked about. Interesting. Very interesting.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Therapy? / Suicide Pact, You First ARK 21 Records

This band is incredible! They have put out one hell of a blazing fierce album. Continuing in the fine tradition of fierce heavy guitars with twisted ironic lyrics, Therapy? has returned to the chaotic buzz saw sounds of their early record. In their press kit, the members of the band beg forgiveness from their long time fans for the commercial sound that the band was heading in with their last couple of records. Lead singer Andy Cairns actually claiming that his, "Head had been firmly planted up his ass when they recorded the over produced 'infernal Love'." With this sentiment made clear to the fans the band now presents their new release, which will hit the streets Feb. 21. Those who are not familiar with Therapy?, have missed out on some aggressive turmoil. The band hails from Ireland, (sound nothing like the shit that U2 puts out), and has put out four full-lengths and three EPS in the course of their existence. Once a three piece, the group has evolved to a four piece, tightening their sonic attack. The bands' future had been in serious jeopardy when their label A&M fell apart. Not having a record company to put out their releases, the group recorded "Suicide Pact" and then looked for a new deal. They found the new label ARK 21 willing to release the new album while giving the band total artistic freedom for future releases. By the way, ARK 21 has a

major distribution deal, so you should be able to find the album at just about any record store. Therapy? has gone back to the early blistering days of the first releases. Narrowing and focusing their sound, while coming up with new ways to strengthen it and make it more engaging. Vocals by Cairns are twisted and jump all over the place. Guitars grind, pummeling bass chords, drum work that has losses all normal structure; nailing the sound to the wall on tracks, "He's not that kind of girl", "Wall of mouths", and the instrumental "Big cave in". So not to bore the average listener the band takes a break and chills out with atmospheric sounds on the track, "Six mile water", which shows a sentimental sadness in the arrangement of the composition. For Tom Waits fans there is, "God Kicks", where Cairns voice sounds like the heavy whiskey draw of the piano bar man Waits. This album does not disappoint and it's very engaging, fresh with each new listen. Old fans will devour it; new fans will seek out the group's older records. I personally, have re-found my old affection and have been ironically content since.

—Kevlar7

Coal Chamber / Chamber Music Roadrunner Records

This is the group that they play at Area 51 on spooky Kid night. I swear to god, this album makes me want to put on a long black dress and dance around a headstone at midnight. Noisy, noisy, clang, clang, keyboard, oooooohhhh, arrrrrrgh, I hate my parents music. Aesthetically, the band looks like a million bucks. I counted eleven piercings and at least 7 tattoos, on the cover alone!

—Jeremy Cardenas

Lonesome Kings / What If? Fearless Records

Looking at this bands press kit, there are a lot of names that the band compares themselves too. Face-to-Face, Jawbreaker, and Samiam are a few of those that the lines are being drawing around. Lonely Kings sound like all of these bands and then some. They have that punk sound with a lot of melody wrapped around driving energy. Actually, the disc is kind of good. It has slow parts that eventually get going and proceed at faster rates of speed. The singer has a good voice that carries the band and keeps the music interesting. The band sounds more like Jawbreaker and less like Face-to-Face, lots of Samiam thrown in for good measure. I usually don't like name dropping to help show the bands musical similarities; but in the case of the Lonely Kings, that is the best way to explain their music and the names are very close to the Kings sound. The similarities are very accurate, a punk rock band with a lot of melody. In conclusion, not a bad record, at least it's not mediocre or pretentiously boring.

—Kevlar7

Butterfly Joe / Eponymous Razler Records

I am a stupid imbecile/ La da da da da/ Sitting in my windowsill/ La da da da da. For those of you who were upset that the Dead Milkmen broke up (like me) here is an album to ease the pain. Former Dead Milkmen singer Joe Genaro has outdone himself here. There isn't the out and out sarcasm you would find in a typical Dead Milkmen release, but, trust me, there's enough to satisfy. This album is full of quirky, dark humored songs that I feel like I've known all of my life. There is something about Genaro's voice that puts a smile on my face, and makes me glad that he's still making music.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Glenn Danzig / Danzig Sacrifice/Black Aria/Blackacidevil Evilive/Emagine Records

We'll start with Black Aria. Remember the music that was playing while Hannibal Lecter was killing the police officers in Silence of the Lambs? Bingo. Next, we have Blackacidevil, which Glenn chewed me out for not having. So, I got it, and what do I have to

say? Remember the part in the movie Seven, where the serial killer made the guy give it to the hooker with the big, spiky strap-on in thee evil discotheque? If there was music in the background, it should have been from this album. And, last but not least Sacrifice is a CD single with six remixes of the song that should have been playing in the scene in "pink Flamingos" where the guy is dilating his butthole. Glenn Danzig kicks ass!

—Jeremy Cardenas

Machine Head / The Burning Red Roadrunner Records

The intro to this album had a NIN sound to it, so I was waiting for some serious whining. I was dead wrong. Machine Head turned on the power immediately. This CD would be a good thing to listen to if you were about to kill a bus full of nuns. Machine Head is good at what they do, which is a metal hybrid along the lines of the currently popular Rap-Metal© only these guys do it with style. I can't believe this band isn't kicking the shit out of the nookie band. I would like to see that.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Osker / Treatment 5 Epitaph Records

Although somewhat young in age, this band sounds like they've been playing for at least ten years. This new installment by Osker is the sound we've come to expect from Epitaph, (fast, melodic, tight) but with this album the sound is pushed to the limit. Aggro, but with a touch of sensitivity, Osker has a keeper.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Fishsticks / Disko Theologian Records

Fishsticks started out by only playing for fifteen minutes at every performance. I can believe this. I also believe that they probably played 22 songs in that fifteen minutes. This new CD, entitled, Disko has 31 songs, including a cover of the Misfits, Mommy, Can I Go Out and Kill Tonight played at lightning speed. I put this CD on and by the time I sat down on the couch, it was over. Fishsticks is fast, Fishsticks is loud, Fishsticks kick ass!

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Frustrators / Bored In the U.S.A. Adeline Records

The Frustrators play some good shit. The first song, I Slept with Terry had me up and out of my chair pogoing around the room. Upon further examination, I found that Mike Dint of Green Day fame is the bassist for this group. It's good to see him doing something productive. Don't go buying the Frustrators if you expect to hear Green Day, though, the sound is very distinctive, and this CD goes to the New Favorites section of my CD collection.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Leadfoot / Take a Look

TMC RecordsDidI already say I hated this album? I do. Stinky Dirty Fucking Hairy Hessians. The only thing that could make this album worse is if they had a hippy jam song in it. Stinky Dirty Fucking Hairy Hessian Pigfuckers.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Life Of Agony / 1989-1999 Roadrunner Records

This is yet another example of a great band that ended its life prematurely. Instead of creating more innovative and challenging music, Life of Agony has called it quits. They have released this CD as a treat to their hardcore following, a collection of rare demos, hard to find B-sides, and a few live songs. Those not familiar with them, LOA has released three full length albums entitled; River Runs Red, Ugly, and Soul Searching Sun. Each record was different in sound and experimented with aggression and melody. A heavy approach that blended Hardcore and Extreme Metal. Contrasted with a singer who sang in a very impassioned voice that hit many different tones and ranges. I saw this band play the old butt-rocker club called

The Ziggens / Tickets Still Available Cornerstone/Skunk Records

The Ziggens are some funny motherfuckers. Their album is chock full of witty between song banter. This album has a whole lot to offer the person who is fanatical about surf, punk, or people who sound like they enjoy what they are doing. All in all, this album was a great listening experience. Kill the Ziggens!

—Jeremy Cardenas

Zeke / Dirty Sanchez Epitaph Records

This band is fast and furious. The most pissed off band in America. This is their latest release. Fifteen songs that blaze by at high speeds, the album clocks in at twenty-one minutes. Short, but sweet. Extra track is a shredding remake of Fleetwood Mac's classic "Rhiannon"; which Zeke commences to destroy in brutal fashion. Great titles like, "Let's Get Drugs", "Now You Die", "Drunk", "I Don't Give A Fuck", and "Fucked Up City". A band after my heart; anthems I can relate to. Zeke has toured and share similar style to the following bands: REO Speedealer, Supersuckers, Murder City Devils, Dwarves, and Nashville Pussy. If you have never heard Zeke records before, take elements of Ramones, Kiss, AC/DC, Motorhead, and every fast playing punk band ever to shred vocal chords and strings. Zeke is a four piece that looks like mean hot rod racers that would scare the piss out of the conservatives everywhere and find mutual respect as well as common interest with the Hell's Angels. The drummer Donny Paycheck is credited for "the finger" in the album credits; very well earned in concert. In fact, when I saw Zeke live at DV8, Mister Paycheck finished the set by kicking over his kit and tossing his drumsticks up in the balconies of the club, where they took out two dumbass bimbos. Well done on Donny's part I must say. "Dirty Sanchez

Rafters in 1994 with Carcass; where they blew everyone away with their highly energetic set. So now that the band is history, I now hold the final tribute to their dedicated fans in my hands. As tears stream down my face, I insert the disc into the player and start it up- and almost choke!! This is a very.. "Ahem"...interesting disc. The first half is kind of hard to listen too, because it's not the bands best stuff and is very sophomoric-in creativity. Reminds me of the shitty bands in high school that played at all the assemblies, when I wasn't passed out and could remember the hilarious "rock star" motions they went through for the whole student body. I'm glad that LOA was able to move past this early stuff and become more mature in sound. The second half is much better and it is not bad, because it is a better sound. The live tracks are excellent and give testimony to the bands highly engaging live set. I wish that they had released a full live album for the fans then this awkward disc. As a whole, the disc not terrible and I will keep it because the last half of it is worth owning. In my opinion, if you are a huge LOA fan, pick this disc up. If you are curious and want to find out what the band is all about, pick up one of the other three full lengths from the band, it's a better insight into their sonic but soothing sound.

—Kevlar7

Loose Lips / Talkin, Trash TKO Records

Goddamn, this is a good album. Trashy 70,s New York style garage punk to listen to while you put away a bottle of Jack Daniels. This album was an unexpected surprise, thanks to whoever sent it to me.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Man Scouts of America / Crash Course R.A.E.R. Records

Several years ago, the Man Scouts of America were driving through a blizzard to a gig in upstate New York. Due to poor visibility, they took a wrong turn and ended up wandering onto a test site for a top-secret government research and development facility. They were soon forced to stop, and spent the night sleeping in their van. As they slept the unsuspecting Scouts were bombarded with sub-atomic particles from an experimental new weapon test. It was early the next morning, while being rudely awakened by security forces, that the Scouts first noticed that they had developed strange and unusual powers."

This is what the biography for the M.S.A. had to say. I

laughed it off, and put the CD in the player. What happened next is a mystery. The kick ass pounding rock emanating from the stereo had strange, hypnotizing powers. I could feel myself begin to mutate. I looked at my hands. My fingers were stretching into a long, simian shape, and my skin was beginning to fizz and pop like I had been dipped in acid. To make a long story short, I spent the rest of the day rampaging on innocent Salt Lakers, and ended up being shot off of the Mormon Temple by government helicopters. I am now dead. The M.S.A. rocks, and I am not kidding. Go get their CD, and do some damage.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Phlegmatic / Iotas El Chango Grande Records

Phlegmatic is ready to send you to outer space. That,s the best way I could describe them. The first song on this EP builds slowly to a burning intensity. Throw your gas can on the campfire, and you will be able to imagine the raw heat that this CD gives off. I recognize Captain Insane-O,s drumming anywhere. He keeps that beat to make the ladies writhe and undulate like Kabuki dancers at a Shinto free for all. This album shows a lot of talent on the part of Phlegmatic. Formerly, these local heroes were called the Toilet Smurphs, and god knows what that makes you imagine.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Shutdowns / T-75 Theologian Records

On the cover of the Shutdowns, CD there is a picture of a girl who is tied up and gagged. I thought this might be the best way to listen to this album so I had my girlfriend tie up and gag me. I lay on the floor helpless in front of the stereo, and I must say I really enjoyed this album. I enjoyed it until my girlfriend came out of the bedroom with the riding crop and beat me into submission. The Shutdowns are good music to be beaten to.

—Jeremy Cardenas

William Orbit / Pieces in a Modern Style Maverick / Warner Bros.

"Pieces in a Modern Style," William Orbit's latest release, is actually his first "solo" recording under his own name. Orbit (the brilliant performer/producer) has been making his own eclectic music since the mid 80's, first as part of the legendary trio Torch Song, then as the highly acclaimed Strange Cargo,

which sometimes featured the haunting vocals of Beth Orton. Along the way, through the years, he has remixed some of the most memorable tracks from such diverse artists as Erasure, the Cure, Peter Gabriel & Sinead O' Connor, recorded under the name Bass-O-Matic, founded two record companies and perhaps most famously, worked as a co-songwriter and co-producer for Madonna's highly acclaimed Ray of Light" album. In fact, Pieces in a Modern Style was actually begun prior to Ray of Light" as a form of "meditation for myself and friends" and grew from there. In an almost holy manner, Orbit re-invents classical works with stunning and refreshing interpretations. So much praise has been given to this release that it is quite exciting to discover its many splendors. Credited with arranging, programming, producing and performing the album's 11 tracks, Orbit amazingly takes classic tunes from Beethoven, Vivaldi, Ravel and Handel, as well as 20th composers Barber, Cage and Gorecki, and re-invents them with computers. Even more astonishing, it was done by ear, because Orbit does not "read" music.

A beautiful and seamless recording, Pieces in a Modern Style is soothing, relaxing, meditative and somber—yet refreshing and uplifting at the same time. This is no mean feat. By using simple arrangements and playing them on keyboards and guitars—with samples interspersed throughout, of course—Orbit's take on these classics is amazingly modern. In fact, the album's first single, Barber's Adagio for Strings has been a hit on both the classical UK radio stations (in its original album version) and phenomenally successful as a glorious remix by British DJ Ferry Corsten on British mainstream radio. Maverick has wisely included a bonus disc of this remix as well as another smashing one by Germany's ATB, which both not only further the concept of reinterpretation, but offer a decidedly alternative spin on this tune.

Any DJ or composer could have released their own versions of these tunes (with speculatively mixed results), but it takes a skilled artist to present them in such an invigorating way. William Orbit is that artist. Pieces in a Modern Style has already been called the ultimate "chill out" album, and it would be perfect for listening to after a night on the town, or just simply to relax to. It would also not be premature to label it a "classic" recording (in every sense of the word) and destined to be on many year-end "best of" lists. Simply stunning.

—Son of Damian

For those of you who aint in the know Sheila Nicholls is, in my humboldt opinion, the next big thang. That's right brethren & sistren I'm making predictions. I'm also gonna make a recommendation. If you like stylized sultry siren vocals & pointed thought grenade lyricism all piled high atop accomplished musicianship, then you'd do best to make tracks over to Salt City, Randy's or any other independent record store & get your copy of Sheila's self-produced cd BRIEF STROP. On her Essex Girl label.

Sheila arrived in the USA about ten years ago from her native England where she began writing & singing songs for her working-class mum at the age of fifteen. She's lived on a tobacco farm in North Carolina, fed the homeless in the city where Rez never sleeps (Philly), & done time as a nanny in New Yo. It was at the end of a particularly horrendous day of raising other people's children when she caught a ragged glimpse of herself & a mundane future in the mirror & was jolted by a reality check. She wound up in Hell-A & has actually been calling the place home for the past three & a half years. It was there that she hooked up with Ms. Mel, guitars/backing vocals, & Ms. Hope, cello who comprise the captivating touring unit this time out. Shiela had just heisted a distro deal with Hollywood (owned by Disney) prior to their arrival in SLC. It remains to be seen if this is a good thang or not. Regardless it is rather ironic considering the fact that she takes a jab at the greedy conglomerate in her song "Peanuts." They're touring the country through March in a rather humble RV, considering a major is picking up the tab. (Though not really. What they do is add it on to the band's tab of what they owe the company. It's a dirty industry!) February 10 @ Cup Of Joe's was her second time in SLC. The first time

which I missed at the Dragonfly Cafe was back in November '99. She was gracious and grounded enough to let her many fans/friends wait while she spoke with me after the set. Even though she'd not heard of SLUG before now.

OLD'S COOL: In some of your songs you touch on some of my favorite obsessions, i.e. Consumerism, capitalism, the fate of humanity & other inherent evils of Western-I like to call it American- culture. After all is said, do you believe there is hope for humanity?

SHEILA: That's such a huge question. Yes. Even if it entails a mass upheaval or purging resulting in genocide. If we fail to listen to the Earth it may just have a gigantic period(!), go through a cleansing stage where she decides: Enough, kiddies! We were taught in grade school of the dangers & mathematical incongruities in relation to finite resources of unregulated exponential population growth.

OLD'S COOL: What do you think about the trial in NYC of those four pigs charged with murder for shooting that man nineteen times out of forty-one shots fired?

SHEILA: Honestly, I haven't been following the case. I'm an anarchist, I don't believe in cops. I feel that we as people have the ability to govern our own actions & that we need to initiate this responsibility. Definitely I don't trust cops. I'll go so far as to say that I fear them. They really just seem so full of all of the isms & are scared & armed with weapons & the authority to use them.

OLD'S COOL: JC Mellencamp once said: "Oh yeah, life goes on LONG (my emphasis) after the thrill of living is gone."



Where would you put the emphasis?

SHEILA: You ask some good questions! I'm not sure. Does it have to be on one word? You've got it on just one word.

OLD'S COOL: You can put it on any word or combination. That's just where I put it.

SHEILA: Cool, artistic freedom. Well, in that case I'd place the emphasis on "OH YEAH." (I thought she'd put it on "life goes on." Goes to show you never know!)

OLD'S COOL: What cd's have you been listening to?

SHEILA: Me'shell Ndegeocello, Ani's new one, my friend Stephanie from Seattle who

sings, loops guitar riffs, plays horn & blows bubbles, LaPaz- Chicano rap on Essex Girl label & the Nick Drake box-set.

OLD'S COOL: What is a "Brief Strop?"

SHEILA: Strop is a British term used derogatorily to disempower or undermine a feisty young girl. Almost equivalent to bitch. Like, "She's just being stropky." Occasionally used on men i.e. "He's being a strop." The American equivalent would be a tizzy or hissy fit.

OLD'S COOL: Here I was thinking it was a jock-strap or some thang! Thanks for your time. I'm sure we'll be paying to see you next time through.

—B Mchr

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NECROPOLIS : The band Nocturnus was originally formed back in 1987. By 1991 the band had released two albums (THE KEY and THRESHOLDS), gained quite a following and broke up (ah, reads just like a love story). Nocturnus has reformed with original keyboard player and guitarists intact. I wasn't privy to this band the first time around, but I'm glad I'm on board now. The new album **ETHEREAL TOMB** is great. This release is a real departure (and a pleasant one) from the usual fare of Necropolis Records. **ETHEREAL TOMB** features excellent guitar work and the keyboard playing doesn't detract from the heaviness of this band, rather, it adds to the "ethereal", sci-fi element of their sound.

METAL BLADE : Six Feet Under takes another stab at ultra-simplistic death metal and comes out victorious! SFU are releasing this "bonus disc" recorded live during their 1999 tour. The back of the CD claims (no overdubs) and I say "no kidding?". - The Christian metal band **Tourniquet** is accustomed to fighting many battles. I would think just combining the words Christian and metal would be a war in itself. The first track deals with the perceived contradiction that the band faces by combining religious conviction with heavy metal. Whatever...this is a good band. - So you looking to add a little German / folk / medieval metal to your collection? Look no further...In **Extremo** will release **VEREHRT UND ANGESPIEN** on March 7th. Maybe you can make sense of this stuff, because it seems to escape me.

PROGRESSIVE ARTS MUSIC : Klank's, **NUMB** is one of the most "seamless" unions of metal and techno that I've heard to date. **NUMB**, the follow up to '97s **STILL SUFFERING**, plays out with some serious melodic backbone. This band's techno influence never takes total control of the music. The live drumming and heavy guitar play keeps a grounded feel to the songs. Klank doesn't emphasize any one element of their music too much, which adds to the "real", un-contrived feel of their music.

CHO'SIN : Neck's, **SHOULD MY FIST EYE** is the debut release for Cho'Sin Records (let's see what 'ya got). This release is the follow-up to Neck's self-released, **STRIVING FOR TOGETHERNESS**. This band has been around since '95, and has spent the last few years redefining themselves, not wanting to be stuck in any one genre of heavy music. The result of the band's efforts is **SHOULD MY FIST EYE** being a mixed bag of sounds. Off the top of my head, I can remember hearing noise-core, death, atmospheric, a part of a song that sounds like Voivod and even a track that could almost be described as new-age / rock. Over-all, this is a good release with a great production.

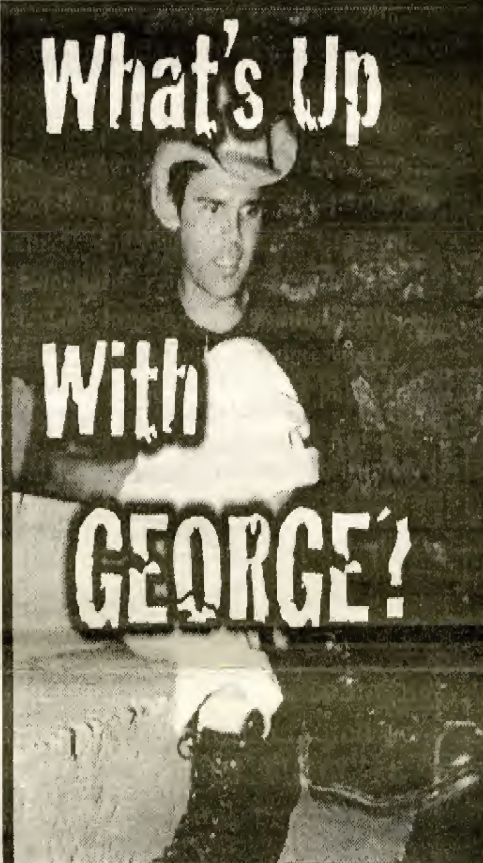
CENTURY MEDIA : **HEART OF A KILLER** from the band **Winters Bane** was originally released back in 1993. Interest for the album and the re-release stems from vocalist, Tim Owens going on to sing for Judas Priest. **HEART OF A KILLER** is a concept album of progressive metal that is equally as good as anything being released today. I would never have guessed that this release was seven years old. I must be slipping. - **HOLY DIO : A TRIBUTE TO RONNIE JAMES DIO**. Fourteen tracks from fourteen bands doing songs from Dio's career. The music on this tribute spans from his solo venture back to his days with Rainbow. Cool. - Extreme speed is the best way to describe the extreme metal performance from the band **Krisium**. Don't expect haunting intros or quiet interludes between passages, because they are not going to be there. The music from **CONQUERORS OF ARMAGEDDON** was performed at "full-force" from beginning to end.



LEVIATHAN : One of my favorite albums from neo-classical, metal guitarist **David Chastain** was his '87 release of **INSTRUMENTAL VARIATIONS**. That album actually got me started on Chastain's music. David was in good company back in the '80s releasing this type of music. You had your Malmsteens, Moores and McAlpines, but I always favored Chastain's style over the rest. Well, I favored his style when he had enough sense to release an instrumental album. I can't count how many great guitar players have ruined albums by adding a vocalist. An obvious offender was Yngwie Malmsteen, but the worst was David Chastain with female vocalist **Leather Leone**. That woman single handedly rendered five of his albums virtually unlistenable. Horrible! Anyway, David Chastain has a new project called **Southern Gentlemen**. The debut **EXOTIC DANCER BLUES** is an album dedicated to '70s blues rock. I'm not much of a blues buff, but I suppose this album is pretty good. David takes over the vocal duties on this release. While David's vocal skills are questionable, it could have been worse!

SOLID STATE : My ears were just about to explode from listening to **Selfmindead's** release, **AT THE BARRICADES WE FALL**. This band has a background in hardcore but they come across like alterna-metal / rock. The music on this release is pretty good other than the vocals. The singer for this band has one of the most grating voices I've heard in a while. I can take the vocals from some of the most extreme bands out there, but the vocal style of this guy almost made me run my car off a cliff. - **A THOUGHT CRUSHED MY MIND** is the follow up to the self-titled debut for the band **Blindside**. This band's heavy rock approach has a distinctive groove that hits hard. **Blindside** made a conscious effort to add a hardcore presence to their melodic song writing this time around. This is good.

—Forgach



Paid an old man to fire my boys

Got pizza from the Turks

Got hassled out of another \$50

Talked a reasonable parking lady out of a ticket

Adjusted the pitch control this last month I...

Cooked up some hominy

Leaned into some things

Made up a bunch of stuff that didn't happen

Got some rest

Rode on cruise control



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DAILY CALENDAR

Sunday, March 5
Swingn' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, March 6
Carl Weathersby- Dead Goat -
DJ Mark Linton- Ya Buts
Overtime- Burt's
A Flock Of Seagulls- Zephyr

Tuesday, March 7
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues-Burt's

Wednesday, March 8
Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
DJ Juliet- Ya Buts
Fruit w/ Michelle Malone- Zephyr
Spleen - Burt's
Peter Murphy-Horticulture Building

Thursday, March 9
Curious Birds- Dead Goat
Bod Moss and Joe Judd Project- Burt's
Papa Roach- Liquid Joes
Murder City Devils w/ American Steel-
DV8

Friday, March 10
Blue Dogs-Dead Goat
Scrotom Poles - Burt's
Ether w/ Red Bennies- Ya Buts
Filter w/ Chevelle- Saltair

Saturday, March 11
Ineffect- Burt's
Carolyn Wonderland and the imperial
Monkeys- Dead Goat
Double Wide- Ya Buts
Smilin' Jack -Hogwallow

Sunday, March 12
Swingn' Sundays- Dead Goat
Buried Alive w/ Candiria and
Skarhead- DV8
Anniversary -Kilby Court

Monday, March 13
E.C. Scott- Dead Goat
Horrors w/ the Earnies- Burt's
DJ Mark Linton- Ya Buts
Richmond Fontaine- Hog Wallow
Karl Denson's Tiny Universe- Harry O's

Tuesday, March 14
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
E.C. Scott - Beatnik's
Frantic Flattops- Ichabob's
Blues-Burt's

Wednesday, March 15
Gloom Lake Project- Dead Goat
Deadbolt- Burt's
DJ Juliet- Ya Buts
Frantic Flattops - ABG's (Provo)
Karl Denson's Tiny Universe-Harry O's

Thursday, March 16
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
Deadbolt- Burt's
Vertical Skinny - Ya Buts

Friday, March 17
The Clots- Dead Goat
- Zephyr
Bluegrass Banjo's of Death Ursula Tree-
Burt's

Saturday, March 18
Smilin' Jack- Dead Goat
Triggerlocks- Burt's
Temper w/ Cartoon Criminals- Ya Buts
Motet -Hogwallow

Sunday, March 19
Swingn' Sundays- Dead Goat
Liquid Soul - Zephyr

Monday, March 20
Rusty Zinn Band - Dead Goat
Keller Williams -Harry O's
DJ Mark Linton - Ya Buts

Hot Water Music w/ Elliot- DV8
Shaking Tree- Pig Pen (Park City)

Tuesday, March 21
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues-Burt's
The Flaming Lips w/ Looper- Zephyr
Powerman 5000 w/ Dope and Static-X-
Saltair

Wednesday, March 22
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Hell Caminos- Burt's
DJ Juliet- Ya Buts
Jon Bean's B-Day Show w/ Erosion-
Zephyr

Thursday, March 23
Zoo Keepers- Dead Goat
Brian Honeyville w/ Bad Apple- Ya
Buts
Maladjusted- Burt's
Northn Amer. Celtic Arts Fest- Provo
Special Goodness -Kilby Court

Friday, March 24
Lisa Marie and the CoDependents-
Dead Goat
JP5 w/ Tarn and Red Bennies- Ya Buts
Funk Toast- Burt's
Jars Of Clay w/ Burlap To Cashmere-
Kingsbury Hall
Groove Collective -Zephyr Club

Saturday, March 25
Zion Tribe- Dead Goat
Thunderfist w/ Husker Crue- Burt's
Possibilities w/ Fumamos- Ya Buts
Anti-flag w/ H2O and Saves The Day-
Brick's
Agent Orange- DV8

Sunday, March 26
Swingn' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, March 27
Kenny Neal - Dead Goat
DJ Mark Linton- Ya Buts
Kiss w/ Ted Nugent and Skid Row-
E Center

Tuesday, March 28
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues - Burt's

Wednesday, March 29
Ham Bone- Dead Goat
Metal Melt Down- Burt's
DJ Juliet- Ya Buts

Thursday, March 30
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
Slow- Ya Buts
Kund Fu Grip- Burt's

Friday, March 31
Mike Reillyw/ The Toller Bros.- Dead
Goat
Sick and Unsound Mind- Ya Buts

Saturday, April 1
Phlegmatic- Burt's
311 w/ Jimmie's Chicken Shack- SaltAir
Donnas- DV8
Fireballs of Freedom -ABG's

Sunday, April 2
Swingn' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, April 3
DJ Mark Linton- Ya Buts

Tuesday, April 4
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Los Straightjackets w/ The Reverend
Horton Heat- DV8
Blues-Burt's

KOI Piercing Studio



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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



Agoraphobic Nosebleed / Converge
The Poacher Diaries
 Virginia's vicious grindcore Behemoths Agoraphobic Nosebleed team up with the Boston HC kill team Converge for the low priced Poacher Diaries release. Take cover or be destroyed!



Breach —
Venom
 Breach seamlessly meld fiery hardcore resolve, metallic precision and intrepid indie ingenuity into a renegade aural assault.



Candiria —
Process of Self Development
 "...fearless blend of jazz fusion, hip-hop, hardcore and metal needs to be soaked in live to be believed" - Metal Maniacs.



Deceased —
Supernatural Addiction
 Supernatural Addiction conjures fearsome apparitions of though-provoking classic heavy metal mysticism, paralyzing time with an obsessive devotion to 80's metal stylings. Poseurs beware!



GORGOROTH — INCIPIT SATANAS
 FROM ONE OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE BANDS IN THE BLACK METAL SCENE TODAY, ARISES A A HELLISHLY EVIL NEW RELEASE TO BLACKEN THE WORLD AND INSTILL ALL WITH WITH INFINITE FEAR, THE END IS HERE. OUT 3/14



Fresh off the Death Metal Massacre 2000 tour with Cannibal Corpse, God Dethroned and Diabolic, HATE ETERNAL unleash sheer brutality on their Wicked World debut, Conquering The Throne.



Kamelot — The Fourth Legacy
 With their second stateside release, Kamelot are seeking to become the premier US melodic metal band. With beautiful acoustic ballads and an exquisite union of progressive and traditional metal, Kamelot seek to build a new metal Empire.



KRISIUN — CONQUERORS OF ARMAGEDDON
 Fiercely, unrelenting death metal at its fastest and most brutal, produced by Morbid angel/Hate Eternal guitarist Erik Rutan.



SENTENCED — CRIMSON
 Finland's finest return with their most accomplished album to date. Crimson features a rich mixture of uncompromising songs wrapped in dark and dismal themes.



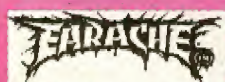
SOULREAPER — WRITTEN IN BLOOD
 From the ashes of dissection arises a new wave of blackened death to terrorize the world. Similar to old dissection with technical death metal blended throughout. Awesome! out 3/7



THERION — DEGGIAL
 Another masterpiece from these gods of metal! one of the most unique bands to ever exist, forming an absolutely amazing blend of classical and metal. Not to be missed! out 3/7



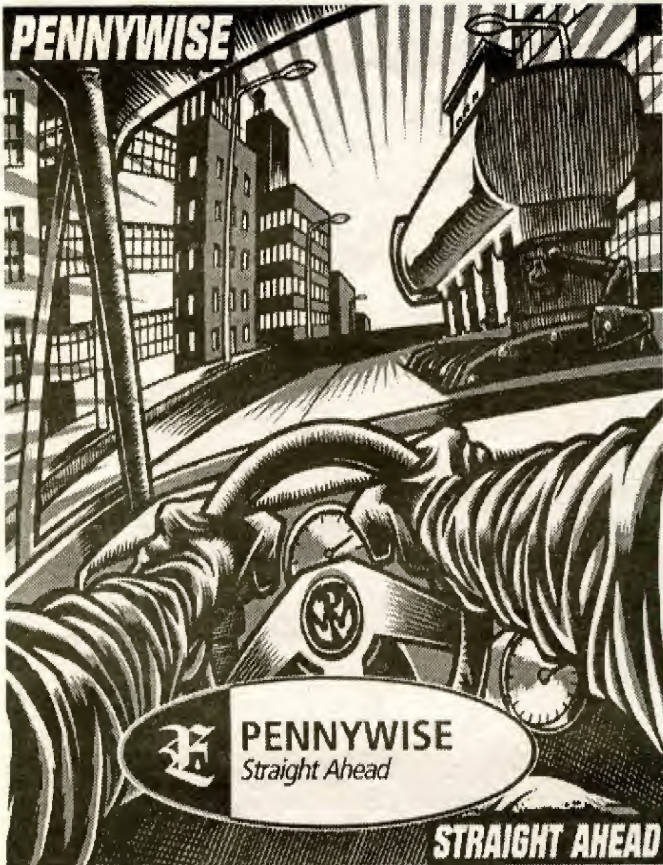
WINTERS BANE — HEART OF A KILLER
 THE first album from Tim Owens (Judas Priest). Now available with all new artwork and layout, remastered and including a bonus disc of live and demo recordings.



catch Candiria
 w/ V.I.O.D., Skarhead &
 Buried Alive
 March 12th
 DV8 Basement
 a private club for members

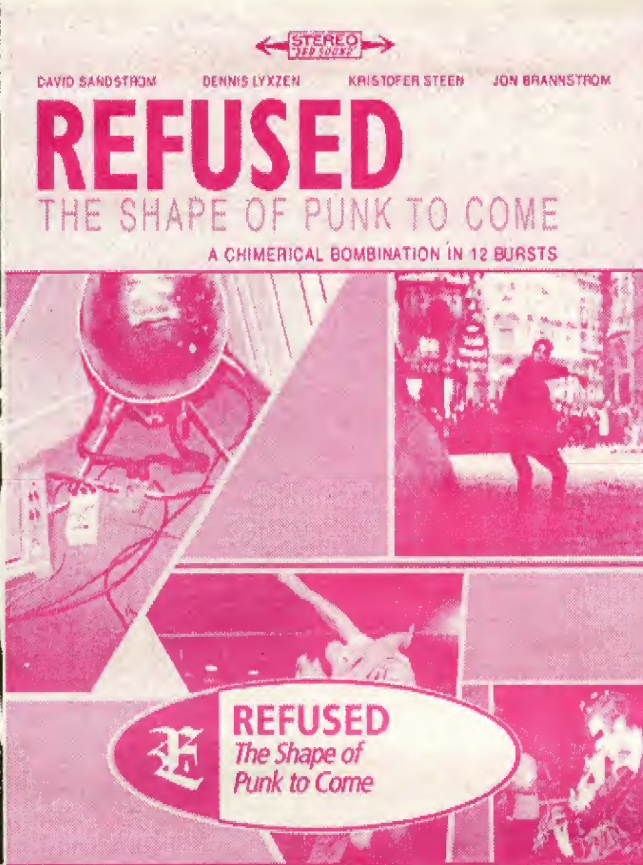


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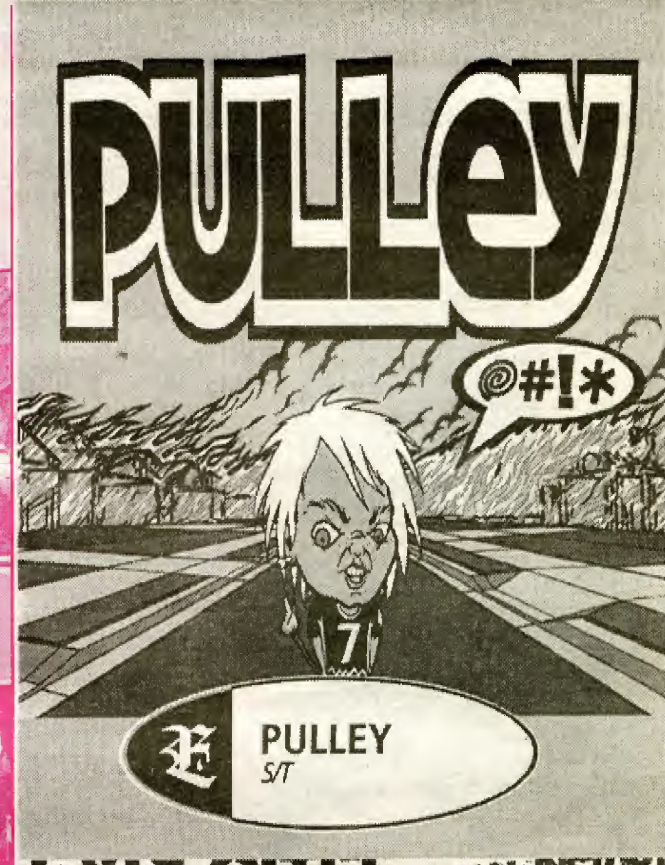


PENNYWISE
Straight Ahead

STRAIGHT AHEAD



REFUSED
The Shape of
Punk to Come



PULLEY
S/T



H2O
F.T.T.W.



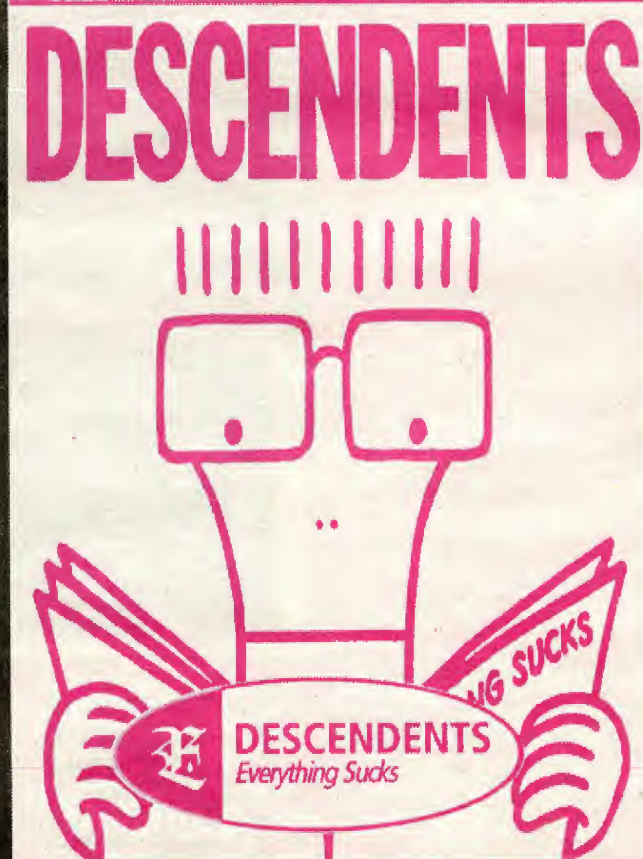
RANCID
Let's Go



BAD RELIGION
All Ages



VGS
Firma



DESCENDENTS
Everything Sucks



THE BOUNCING SOULS
Hopeless Romantic